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REVIEWS.

MACHIAVELLI.

Machiavelli: The Romanes Lecture, 1897.
By John Morley. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE great and curious Bayle, who wrote erudite folios with an indecent skittishness, opens his account of Machiavelli with the remark that he was "un homme de beaucoup d'esprit et une très-belle plume." The phrase is not exhaustive; and yet, *O si sic omnes!* Niccolo Machiavelli did not, whatever Butler may say, "give his name to our Old Nick," nor did he deserve so singular a distinction. Yet four centuries have shuddered at his name: "Machiavellian" has rivalled "Jesuistical" as the proper epithet for dark and tortuous ways. "Captain Machiavel," as Burton calls him; "one of the doctors of Italy," as Bacon has it; a "patriarch of evil," according to Ascham, stands for most men by the side of Caesar Borgia: one, the man of monstrous principle, the other, of monstrous practice. To quote a veteran mystic:

"Thou art the atheist of the world, and thou
Hast earth for seal and star upon thy brow."

Mr. Morley is to be thanked, in that he has not joined his mighty voice to the chorus of condemnation; he discriminates, illustrates, puts historical imagination into his final censure, and passes judgment with no note of unctuous rectitude.

What Machiavelli valued was ability, that Italian conception of *virtù*, which means virility far more than virtue; the quality of vigour, mental and physical, which enables a man, who is indeed a man, to achieve his ends and maintain his achievement. Luther's *pecca fortiter* smacks of him: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"; do it like a man, make certain-sure of success. Impotence is his scorn and loathing; mismanaged vice, mediocre virtue, how feeble they are, how stupid, what signs of inability. Of his contemporary Florentines he hates chiefly the timid statesman Piero Soderini. He pillories the weakling

in an epigram, which contains Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson" in four lines:

"La notte che morì Pier Soderini
L'alma n'andò dell' inferno alla bocca;
E Pluto le gridò: Anima sciocca,
Che inferno? va nel limbo de' bambini."

To be "neither for God nor for His enemies" was despicable in Dante's eyes; and the sentiment is perfectly Machiavellian, one might almost say perfectly Italian and not a little Roman. There is scarce a word in Machiavelli which shows an hatred of good, a choice of evil. He praises Saints Dominic and Francis as true followers and restorers of primitive Christianity. They made religion operative, effective, a real power; and Machiavelli thought religion a very good thing. He was no saint, far from it; he had no personal sense of religion, no touch of spiritual emotion; but he could not away with a Church which did not do its work. Had the Church in Italy done its proper work Italy would not have become "the poison and reproach of the world," a place of all lawlessness and disorder. Did the Church do its duty, it would inculcate those private and public virtues which are good for the *patria*, strengthening its stability, preserving its peace; if the Church also teaches the way to heaven—well, he has no objection to that, though terrestrial politics mean more to him than the *Civitas Dei*. He would heartily applaud the French policy of Leo XIII. and the "rallied" Catholics. Like Carlyle, though without his idealism, he hated confusions, weaknesses, and loved a strong man of no scruples, while approving also of a firm democracy. He was a true Italian patriot—as true as Petrarch, the first to cry *Italia mia* in the sense of *Italia una*. Doubtless, he is as black as the pit by the side of Mazzini, that white soul; but between the two stretches a vast period, full of an ever-increasing humanity. Machiavelli had humanism in place of humanity. He learned from Greek and Roman histories—chiefly from the Roman—and from the past and present history of his own country and state. "There scarcely is any maxim," says Hume, "in his *Prince*, which subsequent experience has not entirely refuted." Not quite so, though true in the main; but those unscrupulous maxims were true to his own experience, and to his knowledge of the past. He lays it down, as a cheerful presupposition to be held by every lawgiver, *tutti gli uomini essere cattivi*; in other words, that mankind "in the loomp is bad." And yet we gather a painfully like impression from Thucydides or Tacitus; and Machiavelli is a kind of soulless Thucydides or sinister Tacitus, a man walking through dry places; and Italy of the Renaissance abounded in dry wastes of wickedness and glittering evil. Machiavelli invented nothing. He systematised the teachings of his times, and pointed the moral from antiquity. Lord Acton says of him, in a right Machiavellian phrase, that he "released government from the restraint of law." Unquestionably, for might is right, and "whatever is"—i.e., has proved itself the fittest or strongest by surviving—"is right." He handled these matters as De

Quincey handled the "fine art" of murder; but where De Quincey was humorous and fantastic, Machiavelli was straightforward and most serious. To him, those regrettable incidents, murder, lying, treachery, are sometimes necessities of politics; how can you read your books, and look about you, and doubt it? "What constitutes a state" is strength of brain and arm, not sympathy of rulers and ruled; at the least, the sympathy can but be the admiration of the ruled for the ability of the rulers, and a certain tactful power in the rulers to keep the ruled quiet, amused, contented with their *panis et circenses*. As Paul de Saint-Victor puts it, in his admirable essay upon Caesar Borgia: "C'est en naturaliste plutôt qu'en historien que Machiavel envisage les affaires humaines. Il formule les lois du succès, sans les blâmer ni les justifier; il n'a ni préférence ni système." It is terrible to us; not so to the men of the Borgia times, an age of blood and lust and paganism, when Alexander VI. was the Vicar of Christ, and Savonarola but fuel for the flames. To consolidate and confirm the *patria* Machiavelli would use, with equal calmness, the infinitely great in crime or the infinitely little; *peccata fortia* and tragic sins, or petty chicaneries and attorney's tricks. And he was a man who enjoyed life; he liked his country retreat, his talks with his humbler neighbours, the pleasures of the town. He wrote comedies, and was no inhuman pedagogue of immoral statecraft, hugging himself in seclusion for joy of his own wickedness and infamous reputation. He was the incarnation, in the sphere of thought, of Italian insensibility to the things of the spirit, of Italian deadness to the moral sense; but he was in no way a Florentine Faust, who sells his soul as the price of initiation into political wickedness and the arts of a godless diplomacy. Next to his sincere patriotism, his paramount emotion was what Church calls "grim, terrible humour, telling of intense scorn in the background, at the wickedness and, still more, the weakness round him." His nervous, laconic style vibrates with the energies of zeal and scorn; the Roman accents are on his tongue. It is with the magnificent and mighty lines of Petrarch that he ends his *Prince*; it shows the nobility of his aim, which was also that of Dante and Michael Angelo, while his means were those sanctioned by the common conscience of Italians, except in men like-minded with those two glories of Florence and of Italy:

"Virtù contro al furore
Prendera l'arme, e fia il combatter corto;
Chè l'antico valore
Negli Italici cuor non è ancor morto."

ON THE NAVY.

Naval Administrations, 1827-1892. By the late Sir J. H. Briggs. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

THE Review at Spithead has come and gone, and England has made the grandest display of her force at sea which has ever been seen. Yet a work such as this, which records the

course of our naval administrations during sixty-five years, and notes their varied excellences and defects, is not out of place, or without present value. For the late Sir John Briggs, an Admiralty official of immense experience, has told us in these pages how uncertain has been the progress of our maritime strength in this long period; how its ascendancy has been more than once threatened; how it has suffered from false economy and routine; and how, unrivalled as it certainly is at this moment, there is still room for reform and improvement, bearing in mind the exigencies of modern war, and the necessity of defending a world-wide empire. The book, too, abounds in interesting anecdotes and details, and, apart from its importance, is very pleasant reading.

The period comprised in this volume may be divided into three parts. The first part extends from 1827 to about 1850, when the British navy still depended on sails for movement, and seamanship was deemed the peculiar merit of a British naval officer. The *matériel* of the Fleet was immensely improved in these years, spite of the obstruction of men of the old school—Sir George Cockburn was the foremost of them; though the type of the warship remained the same, and a few small vessels marked the advent of steam, Nelson would have been amazed at the giant sail of the line—surpassing the *Orient* and the *Santissima Trinidad*—which carried the flags of Stopford and Napier. This great progress was partly due to the efforts of Nelson's Hardy, a far-sighted and most capable man; it became most conspicuous under the administration of Sir James Graham, one of the most efficient and able of First Lords. For many reasons, however, the *personnel* of the Fleet was in an unsatisfactory condition throughout this period. The enormous merchant marine absorbed our seamen; the power of the pressgang was all but gone; there was no excitement of war to attract men to the flag; the pay of the sailor was too low; there was nothing resembling a proper reserve.

The service, besides, was crowded with old officers, and favouritism was but too prevalent; no wonder then, as Sir John Briggs informs us, that we feared a war with France in 1841 and 1844. The second period is of great length—say, from 1850 to 1885. It marked a complete revolution in naval affairs. Steam was gradually applied to the largest warship; the ironclad was launched, the heavy gun created; every navy was completely transformed. England was certainly backward in this mighty change. France produced the *Napoleon* and the *Gloire*, ships which, for the moment, we could not equal; the *Monitor* and the turret battery were first seen in America. The traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar, in fact, were too strong with us; and the Admiralty, as Sir John Briggs points out, clung too long to the memories of a glorious past. The apotheosis of our renowned sailing Fleet was seen in the splendid naval review which took place after the Crimean War; yet veteran admirals were still heard to say that in war we should turn again to the sailing ship of the line. Our iron-

clad Fleet slowly became larger; but it was composed of a great variety of types, a circumstance by no means in its favour; and the fate of the *Captain* was a startling instance how long reliance was placed on obsolete routine. The improvement in the *personnel* of the Fleet was much greater; the continuous service and training systems formed a reserve; the system of retirement effected by Mr. Childers quickened promotion and put nepotism down; and the status of the man-of-war's men having been made much better, while ironclads required comparatively few men, we had an ampler supply of good seamen for the requirements of the Navy than in the former period. Still, the system of gunnery and guns was far from excellent; in organisation, in the means of defending the empire, in all the appliances needed for an immense service, we were by no means up to the exigencies of the time; and at the close of this period we had nothing like the ascendancy at sea which our fathers possessed. Meanwhile, an immense and far-reaching change had been affecting England and our international interests. Our dominions had been extending over all parts of the world; our commerce had doubled and even trebled; the development of Free Trade had made these islands dependent on foreign lands for the necessities of life; the application of steam to our war marine had made it inevitable that supplies of coal should be forthcoming at numerous naval stations; the celerity which was a condition of modern warfare rendered efficient organisation of supreme importance. And, at the same time, other Powers were largely increasing their navies: those of France and Russia at the close of this period were probably not very inferior to our own; and in 1885 England was less prepared to resist a coalition of foes at sea, and all that might be produced by their efforts, than she was since the war of 1776-83.

This revolution is well described in this volume; a memorandum from the pen of Sir John Briggs, written as long ago as 1867-8, shows how our maritime power was relatively in decline; and we need not refer to the celebrated minute of Lord Charles Beresford, as remarkable as the warning letter of Wellington in 1847. The facts were well known to many observers; and several First Lords endeavoured to avert a growing national danger by timely reforms. But the spirit of the Manchester School prevailed in our councils; the Empire was deemed a huge costly burden; the value of the Colonies was denied; "bloated naval armaments" was a phrase in high places; even the tremendous lessons of 1870-71 were thrown away on the men in office in England. The insufficiency and weakness of our resources at sea were made apparent in 1885, when Lord Northbrook, our Marshal Leboeuf, proclaimed that the Fleet was in perfect order, and in a few months admitted the exact contrary. We have now arrived at the third period; in the last twelve years astonishing efforts, seconded by an intelligent Press and by a school of naval officers—scientific, well-informed, and set free from tradition—have been made to restore our power at sea; Parliament has voted ample sums for the purpose; and Lord

George Hamilton and Lord Spencer have presided at the Admiralty with the best results. The extraordinary contrast between the Fleet assembled at the naval review of 1887—ill-assorted, really feeble, and largely obsolete—and the magnificent array of warships we have just witnessed, shows how rapid and successful has been this progress. There is little doubt that England could now contend against any probable league of enemies at sea. The improvement, too, has been not less certain in all departments of naval administration—in organisation, in preparation for war, and for the protection of our gigantic commerce: in the *personnel* and the mechanism of our armed marine, and, above all, in the readiness to strike should the occasion arise. Sir John Briggs, however, contends that further reforms are necessary before we can safely say that our naval supremacy has been assured; that we are masters of the seas as in the day of Nelson. We shall not pronounce upon this assertion; enough to remark that from every point of view, and for reasons obvious to everyone who can reflect, our maritime ascendancy is more than ever necessary to the power, nay to the existence, of England.

A GREAT CHURCHMAN.

The Life, Letters, and Writings of John Davenant, D.D. (1572—1641), Lord Bishop of Salisbury. By Morris Fuller. (Methuen.)

"HE was remarkably born in the seventh month of his conception, and remarkably preserved in the first half seven years from his birth, falling down a high pair of stairs, and rising at the bottom with so little harm that he smiled—God and His good angels keeping him for further service in the Church."

The italics are ours. The passage is Cassan's. The child was the Bishop. Mr. Fuller says that his biography of Bishop Davenant "illustrates, and is meant to be, an ideal picture of the *via media* of the Anglican Church." Good; but that tumble down the stairs, and sundry other incidents that caught our eye on first opening Mr. Fuller's book, have prepossessed us so much with the worthy Bishop himself that we are inclined to let his doctrine go by the board. Davenant was a moderate Calvinist under James I. Under Charles I. he submitted to the Laudian rule in matters of Church ordinance, remaining a moderate Calvinist at heart. In both stages of his career he won the love of all parties by those qualities of mildness, catholicity, and benevolence which are reflected in the long, grave, and formally bearded face fronting the title-page of this book. Let us, however, know the man better.

John Davenant was born in Watling-street, London, his father being a wealthy merchant. In July, 1587, he entered Queen's College, Cambridge. Mr. Fuller digresses considerably into the history of the college, and is forgiven for the sake of his quotation from Fuller concerning the College ale. This beverage

had been declared by connoisseurs to be "raw, small, and windy," which is an awful indictment, and Erasmus, according to tradition, used to have wine sent him to Queen's from London, and "sometimes encouraged his faint ale with the mixture thereof." After imbibing ale and learning in suitable proportions, Davenant was ordained somewhere about 1597. He took his first degree in divinity, that of bachelor, in 1601. Seven years later he was Lady Margaret Professor, and his D.D. degree quickly followed. Cambridge, moreover, soon discovered that the Doctor united shrewdness to learning, and in the great disputations on Justifying Faith, Predestination, and Election—disputations which were frequently "mapped out for the entertainment" of James I. and Charles I.—Davenant was the favourite Moderator. His rise, indeed, was assured. In 1614 he was unanimously elected President of Queen's College. He held that position for seven years in great esteem, and then his closer connexion with the Court began. James wanted four English theologians to attend the Dort Synod, where an attempt was to be made to reconcile the Arminians and the Calvinists. Their disputes were technical, some were trivial; and the sub-lapsarian and the super-lapsarian hypotheses may be now left to those whom they keenly interest. The Bishop is still to be thought of as flesh and blood, and as a great Englishman. The Hollanders received Davenant and his companions with the utmost respect. Although the English deputies were in a peculiar position (they attended not as representatives of their Church, but only as friendly delegates from James), Davenant impressed his personality on the proceedings; "his part being the best in that work," according to Hacket. His success, indeed, won Davenant his bishopric.

Davenant's consecration was preluded by circumstances which may be counted among the oddest in our ecclesiastical history. In 1621 no less than four Bishops-designate were awaiting consecration, and it seemed as if their waiting would be long. There was Dr. Williams, elected to Lincoln, who was said to be ambitious of the Primacy; there was Laud waiting for St. David's chair; there were Dr. Carey and Dr. Donne. The obstacle to the consecration of these men was this. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Abbott, had just stained his hands with blood; he had shot a gamekeeper. The accident—for, of course, it was an accident—took place on Lord Zouch's estate of Bramshill Park, in Hampshire. Mr. Fuller says:

"The scandal occasioned by the circumstance will scarcely be credited in these days. Many of the learned and conscientious divines lamented it with bitter tears. They considered our Church as dishonoured by it in the eyes of all Christendom. It was a matter of serious doubt among them, whether the shedding of blood, although purely accidental, did not utterly disqualify a Bishop from the performance of any sacred office. . . . The Archbishop himself was nearly inconsolable. He retired to Guildford to await the issue of this disastrous adventure."

James, always shrewd and often kind, had much compassion on his distraught Primate,

and is said to have remarked: "An angel might have miscarried in that sort"; but he could not pacify the Bishops and the purists. Some of the Bishops declared that "if they had fallen into the like mischance, they would never have despaired of God's mercy for the other life; but, from this world they would have retired, and besought His Majesty for a pension to support them in their sequestered sadness." A rather comic utterance! The end of it was that the Archbishop stood aside and the four were consecrated by a commission of Bishops. Davenant duly went to Salisbury, where he settled his household, consisting of himself and his widowed sister Margaret, who had at least nine children. Davenant was pledged to celibacy. It is good to think of him there; as Mr. Fuller says: "The physical surroundings must have been very picturesque; the cathedral Close, with the different canons' and other official residences, with their beautiful gardens, and in the centre of all the magnificent spire of the pure, unmixed Gothic cathedral itself, with its striking air of simplicity, lightness, and grace." But the order and grace of the cathedral were not typical of the diocese that spread far and wide around it. "The See of St. Osmund," says Mr. Fuller, "had passed through many changes and vicissitudes, and not only had the grand old 'Sarum Use' given way to a slovenly state of things at the 'paramount' cathedral itself, but throughout the diocese there was great laxity, even of morals, and a general state of spiritual torpor." Lazy and unlearned parsons, strife and confusion in church government, and brawling during services, were all common. Puritan parsons and churchwardens gave great trouble. One of Davenant's first duties was to receive the confession of one Sherfield, who had pleasantly opened a service in St. Edmund's, Salisbury, by smashing a stained glass window with his staff. But Davenant was equal to his duties, which he discharged with mildness for twenty years.

Yet his tending of his sheep did not stay Davenant's prolific pen. Mr. Fuller discusses his principal writings at length. Alike in his *Exposition of the Epistle to the Colossians*, and in his *Dissertation on the Death of Christ*, and in *Letters on the Old Religion*, the Bishop of Sarum is seen as a sound Anglican, a walker in the *via media*. Nowhere is Davenant's opposition to the Papacy more uncompromising than in his *Fast Sermon* delivered at Westminster Abbey on April 5, 1628. This sermon has long been lost, but Mr. Morris Fuller set himself to find it. After a prolonged search he lit on it—where, after all, it ought to have been—in the British Museum. "Behold, wee come unto thee, for thou art the Lord, our God," served the Bishop of Sarum for the text of a sermon, which is a fine specimen of the laborious preaching of the day. Another sermon that Davenant came up to London to deliver got him into hot water. This, indeed, was the sole adventure that broke the even tenor of his bishoply walk. Charles I., more devout and less theological than his father, no sooner came to the throne than he began to handle religious subjects. Influenced by his training and

by Laud, he resolved to extinguish what he deemed profitless discussions on Predestination and Election. He forbade "all curious search" into these subjects. The king's ukase was fiercely resented by those most concerned. Davenant does not appear to have fully understood the King's will, and in preaching a Lent sermon before the Court he trod on the forbidden ground. Charles was intensely annoyed, the Bishop a little frightened and very penitent. The effect of the incident seems to have been that Davenant kept much at Salisbury. Here he died in his palace, surrounded by Davenants and Townsends, at the age of seventy-one, after a life in which serenity had never been bought by selfishness or weakness. By this careful and always readable study of Bishop Davenant Mr. Morris Fuller has rendered a great service to our national biography and to our national Church history.

ARISTOTLE FOR THE MILLION.

Lectures in the Lyceum; or, Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers. Edited by St. G. Stock. (Longmans & Co.)

ARISTOTLE for English readers! Does the English reader, you may ask, very much want to read Aristotle? Does he not rather regard him, as a famous hero of fiction regarded him, as the "Staggerer," as a philosopher who was not particularly intelligible while he lived, has now been dead for a couple of thousand years or so, and is of no possible interest but to such as are reading for the school of *Literæ Humaniores* at Oxford? The average English reader, it is to be feared, has taken too literally the maxim laid down by Sydney Smith in his essay on the classics in modern education, that nothing will serve in literature but the blackest ingratitude, that we must kick down the ladder by which we have climbed. And the English reader probably imagines that he has kicked down Aristotle. In great measure Aristotle is himself to blame. He never took the trouble to make himself attractive. We may suspect that he had a sort of contempt for the graces of his predecessor Plato. Even from the scholar who can read Greek with his feet upon the fender he demands a wakeful brain, having a way of putting his main proposition into a casual, but concise, sentence of half a dozen words. In a literal English translation he is something to shudder at. Probably no philosopher but Kant ever presented his thoughts in such unattractive garb.

Nevertheless, the English reader is undoubtedly wrong. For whereas we have advanced to a considerable distance beyond the Greeks in sanitation, in steam navigation, in electrical engineering, and many other things, it is by no means clear that we have likewise outstripped them in either poetry or philosophy. Our historians are more careful of their facts than was Herodotus; the rawest M.B. at the London hospital could give Galen seven symptoms and a beating; but we certainly cannot

write a better epic than was produced by the people called Homer, and it may be doubted whether the philosophers of the past two thousand years have taught us more in the way of speculative ethics than may be found in Plato and Aristotle. These two writers seem to have laid down once for all the lines, idealistic and practical, on which human thought concerning human conduct must run, and to-day every little boy and girl—if we may adapt Mr. W. S. Gilbert—who is born into the world alive is either a little Platonist or a little Aristotelian, according as his mind leans to the idealistic or the practical side.

It is with the purpose of helping the English reader to understand the basis of all ethical theory, as well as in order to help the Oxford undergraduate through his "Schools," that Mr. St. George Stock has published this excellent work. He wrote it, as he tells us in his preface, during the Long Vacation of 1893, though it has been modestly withheld from publication for three and a half years. It is in no sense a translation of the ethics—that work Mr. Stock has already partially performed—but rather a series of papers, cast into dialogue in which Aristotle is the chief speaker, and following closely the lines of the original treatise. But Mr. Stock forces Aristotle to explain himself, to drop in here a luminous illustration, there an acknowledgment of a difficulty, until the original crabbedness disappears, and you are face to face with a clear exposition of the philosophy of a practical man of the world. And it is to the practical man of the world that the Aristotelian system of ethics will always appeal, even though its originator go unread. The conception of virtue as a middle course between two extremes, the frequent appeal to the "sensible man," the "reasonable man," the man who thinks, the acceptance of moral facts as principles, all mark the thinker who thinks with one eye on the world as it is. Where will you find a more admirable definition of happiness—*eudaimonia*—which Aristotle assumes, on the authority of all reasonable men, to be the supreme ethical end—he calls it, by the way, "political," thinking that the well-being of the individual is the business of the state—"an activity of the soul in accordance with virtue in a complete life?" (Mr. Stock, by the way, translates "a perfect life," which contains some slight ambiguity; he has, however, influential support.) We cannot call to mind anyone who has bettered this account of the end of human action, though many have paraphrased it. What is it but the late Prof. Green's "self-realisation"—self-realisation "writ clear"? As an illustration of Mr. Stock's method we may give the passage in which he expands and expounds the saying—hard because it is so compressed—which really lies at the foundation of Aristotle's ethical system: *τὸ δ' ὅτι πρῶτον καὶ ἀρχή.*

"Now our science is not a speculative, but a practical one. There are many subjects which we may have to touch, but which we shall not be able to go into, for fear the by-work should exceed the work. Neither is it possible to ask the reason why in all cases alike. We must often be content with the fact, as in the case of

first principles. Now the fact constitutes a starting-point and first principle. For it is the non-existence or indiscoverability of the reason why that makes a thing to be a first principle. The moment you give a reason for it it ceases to be so, and the reason given takes its place. So that to challenge first principles is to become involved in an infinite regress."

It would be difficult to put more clearly the position which Aristotle takes up in starting from the acknowledged facts of morality as a firm basis for his ethical philosophy.

In fine, we are grateful to Mr. Stock for his effort to give modern dress and ornament to a philosopher whose influence on thought is perennial. We would even recommend these lectures to the attention of the man in the street who, with an occasional hour to spare for thinking, has become mentally confused by the ignorant assertion and morbid speculation of some ephemeral prophet. Let him follow Mr. Stock back to Aristotle for a week or so—he could not have a more instructive and amusing guide. And he will probably learn enough to conclude that he has not gone backwards after all.

THE YEW.

The Yew-trees of Great Britain and Ireland.

By John Lowe, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

DR. LOWE'S is one of those modest books which by the painstaking thoroughness and zeal of their authors stand out prominently among scores of more pretentious volumes, and often enjoy a far fuller measure of life. When intelligent men produce what we may call labour-of-love books they have always interest and often value above the regular periodical products of professional authors. The study of yew-trees has been Dr. Lowe's hobby for many years; he has given to it most of the leisure of a busy life, and here, plainly and orderly set forth, are the fruits of his observation, thought, and reading on the subject. The result is a monograph on the yew, which promises to be a standard work for many years.

Yews are very well worth writing about. There are larger, more majestic, more historic, and more beautiful English trees; but none so feeds the imagination as the yew. Dark legends appertain to the yew: it stands sentinel over our dead, and once it furnished the stuff of which England's greatness was made. But in our respect for the tree we are apt to have too little respect for the truth. Dr. Lowe's correction of exaggerated estimates as to the age of yews is not the least valuable part of his book. He decides upon sufficient data that the fair method of computation is to allow about fifty-six years for each foot of diameter. Persons who measure trees for age should take their measurements about three feet from the ground. Dr. Lowe indeed brushes away a quantity of superstition concerning the age of yews. With reference to the mistaken practice of ascribing to a tree the age of an adjacent building, he writes:

"To show the absurd deductions to which it may lead, there are in Kent two contiguous

parishes, the churchyards of which have each a large yew, the one 16 feet and the other 17 feet in girth. The churches are eleventh and fourteenth century, so that there would in this way be three centuries of difference.

So many causes contribute to variation of the rate of growth in yew-trees that exact calculations as to age are impossible, but Dr. Lowe's allowance of years per foot may be taken as a good working rule. Dr. Lowe adds to his chapters on the age of the tree a list of the yews in Great Britain and Ireland which have a circumference of ten feet and more. We gather that he offers the list as exhaustive, but it is not so. The present writer is at this moment seated within six yards of two yew-trees which, at three feet from the ground, have a girth of between ten and eleven feet, and yet are not noted by Dr. Lowe.

Various reasons are given to account for the planting of yews in churchyards. It is said to be sacred: the Druids sacrificed in groves of yews, and when Christianity superseded Druidism the character of the tree was preserved. Evelyn maintains that branches of yew being employed in processions, it was well to have the tree handy to the church. Others consider it a substitute for the sacred palm—in East Kent yew is still called palm by rustics. Another writer affirms that yew being an evergreen, it was considered typical of the immortality of the soul. A more prosaic reason is that the yew offers shelter to the sacred buildings, but it is rarely that the tree is sufficiently near or large to protect anything but the lych-gate. Dr. Lowe, however, while entertaining all such theories as possible, gives his support to the contention that yew-trees were grown in churchyards in order that there might be a continual supply of bow-staves for our English bowmen. As Mr. Conan Doyle has sung—

"What of the bow?
The bow was made in England;
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows."

In the reign of Richard III. a general plantation of yew-trees was ordered for the use of archers, and in the reign of Elizabeth it was enjoined that yew-trees should be planted in churchyards to ensure their cultivation and also to protect cattle from their leaves. To-day, although most churchyards have each a yew-tree, we can have little idea of how common the trees once were. Of those that were planted for bows all must have perished. People who talk glibly of the yews on the Pilgrims' Way having been planted to mark the track are totally mistaken, says Dr. Lowe, although the predecessors of the present trees may, of course, have answered that purpose. At Merrow, above Guildford, there are wonderful trees beside the track. A scrutiny of old statutes shows that although some English bows were made of English yew, for the majority outlandish wood, imported from the Hanse towns and other places, was used. An Act of Elizabeth fixes the prices thus:

"Bows meet for men's shooting, being outlandish yew of the best sort, not over the price of 6s. 8d.; bows meet for men's shooting, of the second sort, 3s. 4d.; bows for men, of a

coarser sort, called livery bows, 2s.; bows being English yew, 2s."

The best bows were made of Spanish yew. To-day bows are made of hickory or other American woods, as the yew is no longer sufficiently free from knots. It is probable that when we grew yew for bows the trees were planted close together. No yew that is allowed to express its individuality unchecked will furnish forth a bow.

The poisonous nature of the yew may not be generally known. Dr. Lowe gives instances of yew-poisoning:

"A female patient in the Cheshire County Asylum was seized with an attack of faintness, followed by convulsions resembling epilepsy, and died within an hour. Five grains of yew leaves and some small seeds (? yew) were found in the stomach. She must either have chewed a large quantity of leaves, and swallowed the juice, or some other cause of death must have existed, for five grains is far too small an amount to prove fatal in so short a time. Taylor speaks of a lunatic who died in fourteen hours from the effect of chewing the leaves; and another fatal case occurred in the Shrewsbury Asylum. . . . In the presence of this tendency it would certainly seem desirable that all poisonous shrubs, and especially yew, should be excluded from the grounds of asylums."

On the other hand, yew affords a drug of value in medicine. Opinions differ as to the precise effect of toxin, the definite alkaloid or active principle of the yew, which was discovered in the leaves by Marmé in 1876; but it is agreed that it is useful. Dr. Lowe says:

"I have undertaken a large series of experiments with toxin, made on myself at various times. The tracings of the pulse show beyond doubt that it is a cardiac tonic of no mean value. The heart's action is decreased in frequency by small doses, such as one-twentieth to one-eighth of a grain, at the same time that the cardiac pressure is distinctly increased. These effects I have found to be durable. In large doses it generally depresses the heart's action. On the whole, it contrasts favourably with digitalis and convallaria, and is worthy of more extended observation."

Animals are also liable to yew-poisoning, but, Dr. Lowe decides, only where they eat copiously, or when the branches have been cut. Dr. Lowe says:

"On inquiring of a very intelligent resident at Tintern whether cattle suffered from eating the yew, so abundant in the vicinity, he replied that they never ate sufficient to injure them unless it was cut. And an old shepherd on Box Hill told me that his cows frequently ate the leaves of this tree, but never took any harm from it, as they were turned out daily, and therefore never took a hurtful quantity. When they have been shut up, and especially when the ground is covered with snow, the result is very different, as they eat greedily of the only green thing visible."

Dr. Lowe's summary is that deer, sheep, goats, hares, and rabbits eat yew without harm. Cattle and horses, if not freshly turned out, do not eat sufficient to cause any evil. To revert for a moment to yew-poisoning of human beings, it might be mentioned here that schoolboys are fond of taking the small red fruit of the yew into their mouths, mixing the slimy juice with their saliva, and then expectorating it. They are careful not

to swallow any. The berries when thus used go by the name of "spitagobs."

Enough has been said to prove the interest and thoroughness of Dr. Lowe's book, which is indispensable to anyone drawn to the study of this fascinating and sombre tree. It is also a very agreeable companion to a traveller in the British Isles, for Dr. Lowe offers notes on all the celebrated yew-trees in the kingdom, which he seems to know intimately, just as Dr. Holmes knew the New England elms, and of several of which he gives good pictures. There are a few errors of hurry. On p. 200, for instance, for "Brailley's *History of Surrey*" read "Brayley's," and, on p. 201, the date of Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* should be 1794, not 1694. But these are unimportant.

"GREAT" AND CRUEL.

Peter the Great. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. In 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

It would not be strictly fair to describe M. Waliszewski as Peter the Great's apologist, for apologists are usually persons with a strong and even a conscious bias in favour of their hero. M. Waliszewski, on the contrary, sets himself throughout these two volumes to maintain a strictly judicial attitude towards Peter. He quotes freely from all authorities favourable or unfavourable to the subject of his biography, and gives to each his due weight; and yet, on the whole, we must set him down as one of the Tsar's admirers. How are we to account for this in a writer who is dealing with the character of one of the most sanguinary ruffians, as well as one of the coarsest and most brutal monsters, who ever filled a throne? The answer is simple. It is all a question of historical perspective. M. Waliszewski sets himself to view Peter from the standpoint of Peter's time, and in the light in which his own countrymen in his own day might have regarded him. The nation which he ruled was, as a whole, cowardly, cruel, drunken, and barbarous to the last degree; and Peter was like his nation. He ran away before the battle of Narva in panic; his cruelty is too notorious to need insisting on; he not only drank to excess himself, but insisted on all who surrounded him, both men and women, doing the like; and in all his habits he was utterly uncivilised. He was also shamelessly vicious. It must be owned that it requires considerable suppleness of mind and more dispassionateness than most people are capable of to feel any very cordial sympathy with such a ruffian. The mere description of the way in which he had his son Alexis repeatedly put to the torture—and even, it is said, himself took a hand in the process—is enough to sicken the most ardent Slavophile, while it leaves M. Waliszewski without a single justification to offer for the ghastly incident.

"Perhaps," he writes, "he simply yielded to the horrible charm of the murderous procedure he was tempted to set in fresh motion. Willingly would I believe that he himself had

been caught in the wheels! His inquisitorial tastes, his instincts as a despot and a merciless judge, were all excited. He thirsted for blood."

In the case of the Streltsky massacres some sort of palliation of Peter's ghoulish cruelty is suggested (vol. ii., p. 113):

"He (Peter) was present at the examinations and in the torture-chambers. Is it true, as some writers have declared, that he enjoyed it—delighting in the sight of the panting bodies, the long-drawn anguish, and all the bitter incidents of suffering and death? I cannot believe it. He may have watched it all, I will admit, with curiosity—with the zest of a man thirsting for new sensations and inexorably resolved to see and touch everything himself—his heart growing yet more hard, and his imagination running wild, amidst the bloody orgy of sovereign justice."

The distinction between one who delights in the sight of tortures and one who "watches them with curiosity—with the zest of a man thirsting for new sensations" is too fine to save Peter from the accusation of fiendish and disgusting cruelty, an accusation, indeed, which no amount of ingenuity on the part of historians can possibly rebut. But this, with Peter's other vices, hardly affects M. Waliszewski's main contention with regard to his hero. To him the Tsar was a man of genius, of immense personal force, of boundless curiosity and energy, who, realising the defects of his own countrymen and the superiority of the European civilisations surrounding them, set himself to work to Europeanise them, till, by mere force of will, he brought them into the path which he wished them to follow, and so created modern Russia. That his way of doing this was always a satisfactory one our author does not pretend.

"Peter," he writes, "harried by his long war, carried away by his own eagerness, fascinated by what he had seen in Germany, in England, and in Holland, could neither clearly arrange his plans nor prepare them thoughtfully, nor show patience in their execution. He swept over his country and his people like a whirlwind, extemporising and inventing expedients, and terrorising all around him."

His work, in other words, was imperfect, but only a great man could have done it at all. We are inclined to think Frederick the Great's verdict, quoted in this book, a truer one:

"Lucky circumstances, favourable events, and foreign ignorance, have turned the Tsar into a phantom hero. A wise historian, who witnessed part of his life, mercilessly lifts the veil and shows us this prince as possessing all the faults of man and few of his virtues. He is no longer that being of universal mind who knows everything and desires to sift all things; he is a man governed by whims sufficiently novel to give them a certain glamour, and dazzle the onlooker. He is no longer that intrepid warrior who neither feared danger nor recognised it, but a mean-spirited and timid prince, whose very brutality forsook him in seasons of peril—cruel in peace, feeble in war."

The fact was, Peter was not a sane man. He was one of Herr Nordau's degenerates; and it is only by mistaking his restlessness for energy, his recklessness of other people's lives for courage, and his insensibility for strength, that Russia has been able to set him upon the pedestal on which he stands.

It is only fair to add that, while we do not agree with many of the conclusions arrived at by M. Waliszewski, we appreciate the industry with which he has amassed facts and consulted authorities, and we commend his book to anyone who desires a detailed picture of Russian life in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

ANOTHER FAUST TRANSLATION.

Goethe's Faust. Part I. Translated by R. McLintock. (David Nutt.)

WHY the Faust should be translated again is not easy to explain, but translations will ever continue to appear. The complete and final rendering is not possible, and each votary, as he realises the imperfections of his predecessors, will try to produce a work that will be free from them. This volume has the peculiarity that it contains the variants of the Göchhausen Transcript—discovered within the last decade—and upon this transcript, which gives the form of the Faust I., as written 1775, Mr. McLintock has thought to identify further the work of Marlowe-Dekker and of Goethe. Nor has he left it at this, for he attempts to deduce that Part II. is an excrescence and forms no part of the whole. But this is too worn a controversial point to raise now and here. The transcript, of course, will be welcome; to many, *werden* is of more import than *sein*.

The translation before us is in the original metres; it is not easy to give in little a careful scene-by-scene critique. Speaking broadly, Mr. McLintock is at his best in the exceedingly difficult short lines and verses of lighter vein; weakest in the lyrical passages. As an example of the latter, the lines:

"Und mich ergreift ein längst entwöhntes Sehnen
Nach jenem stillen ernsten Geisterreich," &c.,

are rendered by Mr. McLintock:

"And now by long-unwonted yearning taken
To sway your stern still phantom realm I long."

Compare with this Bayard Taylor's

"And grasps me now a long unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn spirit land."

But the following is a happy translation:

"I'm not at home when corpses seek my house,
I like my game, as pussy likes her mouse."

And this, again, is an excellent specimen:

"I like to see the old chap now and then;
To break with him would be a pity.
To find a great Lord kind as other men—
And with the devil too—is downright pretty."

The couplet,

"And culture giving all the world a lick,
Can't leave the fiend the same old stick!"

could not be better.

It was necessary to turn to the original for the meaning of:

"Dare voice of such resound where spirit ranks,
Close hovering thick, one moment earlier girt me."

In the line,

"More beast than any brute contrives to be," the effect of "*Thierischer als jeder Thier zu sein*" is not produced.

Here and again the phraseology (bolt-word, vulture-line, symbolry) is curious, but so is that of the original.

"Auerbach's Cellar" is capitally given; the difficulties wherewith the "Witch's Kitchen" is fraught are well met.

The "King in Thule" is a failure! and the literalness of "no drop more drank he" amounts to blasphemy. To be brief, the translation is an achievement of some distinction, but the repetition of unusual expressions and the defects in the lyrical passages, where, for the exigencies of rhyme, unimportant words are given undue emphasis, would seem to detract from its value.

MRS. URQUHART.

Memoir of Mrs. Urquhart. By M. C. Bishop. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

THE interest that attaches to Mrs. Urquhart is a derived one. She was her husband's wife; and the justification of her memoir is mainly to be found in the fact that that bold scribe, the biographer of David Urquhart, is still to seek. Many a worse man has had a better fate biographically, unless, indeed, posthumous silence is the best fate of all. David Urquhart did England at least one good service—he gave the Turkish bath; and it may have been partly by way of return for that boon that he lavished on Turkey all the homage of his career as a member of Parliament. Perhaps the Turkish bath has done something to soften English asperity against Turkey in the clubs, as Turkish delight has done it, one dares to suppose, in the nursery. That, indeed, would be the bath-importer's best reward. But when he brought it here in the fifties, founding the Hammam in Jermyn-street and many lesser shrines in the provinces, so little favour did it find that it was not then regarded by even Urquhart himself as an international go-between. Indeed, Mrs. Bishop records that his propagation of the bath was "perhaps the only serious work Mr. Urquhart undertook which had not for immediate purpose the arrest of international injustice and war." So little do men realise their greatest successes.

David Urquhart, though a Turk lover, loathed the Crimean war. In fact, he was one of those men, afflicted by logic, who cannot see why a duel between two units should be deadly sin and between two nations a Church-blessed ordeal. Though not himself a Roman Catholic (his wife became one after his death) he went, in his straightforward way, to headquarters in Rome with his hatred of needless bloodshedding. He stormed the Vatican, and had hopes that the Council of 1870 would pronounce that killing was murder when a war was lightly or unjustly provoked. By lectures up and down the land, by newspaper articles (of which his wife was joint author), by fly-sheets which he had printed

at his own expense, he was the propagandist of peace, of Turkey, of novel views about the laws of health. He stopped short at no personal labour. He did not shrink from becoming the accepted bore of the House of Commons: which may suggest to some people that the Westminster breed of bores has since degenerated. Urquhart might be a prig; but, at any rate, he had the saving grace of enthusiasm.

That, one gathers, was the opinion first formed of him by Miss Harriet Fortescue, a lady whose brothers, Lord Carlingford and Lord Clermont, became well known. At any rate, she accepted him, on a slight acquaintance, and did not repent in the knowledge of leisure. The love-letters that passed between them are, for the most part, preachments. But they are redeemed by touches of tenderness now and again; as when, for instance, Miss Fortescue exclaims: "My David, God bless you! It is so sweet to remember you in my prayers—once I hardly dared to think of you at any other time." To the day of her death she remained the scrupulous woman, very sensitive and very gentle; a little prosaic, perhaps, and with an inclination to be a slave of convention under the impression that she was thereby proving her devotion to unchanging law. Her faith in her husband's principles, even in his whims, never failed her, though circumstances would now and again arise to try it sorely. She was born in 1825, and she died in 1889, having outlived her hero for a dozen years. Children carry on their line, children who were brought up on "a system," you may be sure. Systems have a doubtful success; they certainly have martyrs. "David junior" was their eldest son. "This child," wrote his mother, "may be killed by a brickbat, but he has no more to fear from disease than a calf or a foal; for this is life according to nature, using the elements for health and strength which when misused are those of destruction." Easy dogmatism for the healthy mother of the healthy child; but how far too easily and too painfully disproved! Another son was born to them, of whom it is merely said that he was "fated to die in infancy."

IN FINLAND.

Through Finland in Carts. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (A. & C. Black.)

WE confess that this book has upset our most cherished fancies. We had thought of Finland as a semi-barbarous land on the confines of the wild north, inhabited by a wholly primitive people, and inaccessible to all save experienced sportsmen. Instead of this we learn that the place is riddled with telephones, that on the very border of Lapland coal is burned and salmon caught with the "Jock Scott," and that the roads are crowded with cyclists.

We do not quite see the precise meaning of the title, for the journey in carts occupied only a very little of the time. Mrs. Alec Tweedie and her sister, starting from Helsingfors, went east to Viborg and then north to Kajana, whence they descended the

river Ulea to Uleaborg, and came back down the coast to Hangö. The book is a minute record of the journey, and it is a record of admirable pluck and good-humour under difficulties. The writer, tired of the beaten tracks of travel, went forth to seek adventures, and adventures she found. She visited the famous Russian monastery of Valamo, and found an interesting monk who asked her about Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and the Home Rule Bill. She spent a night in a haunted castle, crossed Savolax in a cart, and descended rapids at midnight in a tar-boat. All this was in the summer, when the heat is very great and mosquitoes and other creeping things are legion in number. She intended to push on to Lapland, but the report of the ravenous insects which flourish in the short Lapland summer deterred her, and she cut short her plans and returned. Everywhere she seems to have met with the friendliest hospitality, for which she makes generous acknowledgment in her pages. She saw much, too, of native life, and went through the terrors of the Finnish bath, which seems the most effective thing of its kind in existence.

The book is written in a pleasant, gossipy style, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells us for the most part just the things which we want to know, so that her narrative has not only interest as narrative, but some practical value as a guide-book. It is probable that some will be found in the future to brave the mosquito plague and explore this little known land. For one thing, it is the paradise of the angler. The authentic story of the man who caught 1,600 pounds' weight of salmon, trout, and grayling in three weeks is enough to make one's mouth water.

As a piece of literature, the book is rather discursive, and the style lacks the higher qualities of the picturesque. It is a little confusing to the reader to be dragged from the contemplation of cataracts or pine woods, and confronted with columns of statistics or a discussion on female education. Nor do we find in the description of nature the speaking word and the vivid impression which a more delicate sense of style might have achieved. As it is, what we like the book for is just the multitude of small, interesting details and the genuine high spirits of the writer. It is a record of pluck and good nature, a vigorous, rapid survey of the chief features of the land and people. It is emphatically the modern Finland that we get, for the narrative of old customs and the chapter on the "Kalevala" are done merely to complete the survey. It is not the Finland of Runeberg—the land of great inland lakes, with shores muffled in forest, where no footstep breaks the silence but some Russian pedlar from Archangel. Rather is it a country of modern improvements and pleasant, hospitable people, where men spend their summers in the country—a most admirable custom—where higher education flourishes, and the liquor trade is carried on under severe disabilities. As we said before, our old idea of the place is shattered utterly.

The book has an excellent index, a map, and some eighteen illustrations.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Journeys among the Gentle Japs. By the Rev. J. Ll. Thomas. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

IN the summer of 1895 a cruel chance enabled Mr. Thomas to make a hurried tour through Japan and write a book about it. We say a "cruel" chance advisedly, for far too many dull books have been written about Japan already, and one may be permitted to regret that another should have been added to their number. Moreover, we would fain protest against the notion which prevails so extensively among tourists that a mass of trivialities jotted down in a note-book during a three weeks' journey through this or that country necessarily provides a valid excuse for writing a book. We are far from saying that the traveller who has the faculty of keen observation combined with the faculty of artistic expression, the whole being seasoned with a sense of humour, may not produce an interesting book about even the most familiar country. A man with a genius for description and an eye for what is beautiful or quaint or *bizarre* can write a chapter on a Midland village or a Devonshire lane or some old market town in the Fen country, or almost any scene however familiar which will be read with delight. A man without those endowments will only make us yawn over far more wonderful sights. Mr. Thomas, alas! makes us yawn. And his utter want of discrimination as to what is or is not worth recording in his travels causes him to fill his pages with matters that can be of no interest to anyone. Can Mr. Thomas seriously suppose that it was worth while to record the church services he attended, the sermons he preached, the missionaries who were at home when he called, and the like? It is not that these details are offensive or ridiculous. They are merely tedious, and one looks in vain for any reason for inserting them. An instance will show what we mean:

"At Kobe I was the guest of the Rev. C. Graham Gardner and Mr. Cameron Johnson, the former a missionary of the S.P.G. and a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I was much interested in his work at Shinomiya—a quarter of the town—and in the neat little church in which he officiated to the native population. Mr. Johnson was a Virginian, and was in temporary charge of the Seamen's Mission. He was a young man of varied experience in Japan, and his account of life in the most out-of-the-way parts of the country with which he was familiar was very entertaining. On the second Sunday it was my privilege to occupy the pulpit at the 'Union Church.' . . ."

In this passage it will be noticed that Mr. Thomas entirely omits the only thing which the general reader would have been interested in hearing, namely, Mr. Johnson's account of life in the most out-of-the-way parts of Japan. What he does tell us is, that Mr. Graham Gardner was a missionary of the S.P.G., and the like. And that has nothing to do with the "gentle Japs." When we add, as we must, that the style of the book is slipshod in the extreme, we feel that we have said all that need be said to enable the

reader to know what to expect from Mr. Thomas. He will find a great deal of amiable chatter, a sprinkling of statistics, a few scraps of history, but, we honestly think, not one original thought, not one new idea, not one vivid piece of description, nothing but journalistic small-talk about a country which has been written about to satiety already.

Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. New and Revised Edition, containing Additional Facts, Letters, and other Material. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE material which Mr. Jeaffreson has been able to add to his work is sufficient amply to confirm Pettigrew's principal assertion respecting Horatia's parentage, and enables the author to dispense with the more elaborate reasoning by which, in his original edition, Mr. Jeaffreson laboriously sought to demonstrate that the child was Nelson's offspring.

"Whilst careful to destroy her letters, Nelson in writing to Lady Hamilton used a curious kind of literary mystification. . . . Sometimes the letters were addressed to Mrs. Thomson, and read like letters from an affectionate husband. At other times, addressing his correspondent by her proper style, and signing with his own name or initials, Nelson affected to send messages from Mrs. Thomson's friend at sea to Lady Hamilton's particular friend Mrs. Thomson on shore."

But sometimes, as was to be expected, the writer became a little mixed, with such results as this:

"MY DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,—Your good and dear friend does not think it proper at present to write with his own hand, but charges me to say how dear you are to him. . . . I have given Lord Nelson [he has given me] a hundred pounds this morning, for which he [I] will give Lady Hamilton an order on his [my] agents; and I beg [he begs] that you will distribute it amongst those who have been useful to you on the late occasion."

The occasion referred to is her clandestine confinement. Besides the "Thomson" letters there is also a letter extant in which Nelson calls Emma "his wife in the eyes of heaven," and sends a kiss to "our dear Horatia."

Mr. Jeaffreson's volume is composed in the true spirit of historical impartiality. Romney's "divine lady" was neither shameless harlot nor irreproachable matron; she was a terrible story-teller, but she quite often spoke the truth; a "guttler," "loving" champagne, she was no drunkard; she did, in fact, render services to the nation, but the nation could have done very well without them—circumstances rendered them ineffective; she did not depend in her last days on broken victuals and dogs' meat for a precarious sustenance, but she was pretty hard-up, and that entirely as a consequence of her own imprudent extravagance. For this she was the more to be blamed since as a girl she had known, while under Greville's protection, how to economise a small income, and, even as Sir William Hamilton's wife and the bosom friend of the Queen of Naples, had contrived to send her grandmother £20 a year out of the

£200 allowed her for pin-money. Her letters are delightful reading. Warm-hearted, clear-minded, hot-headed, quick-tempered, quick-witted, generous as they manifest her to have been in those early best days, when (to use the words she attributes to the King of Naples) she was "a dymond of the first watter and the finest creature on the hearth," surely no so-called bad woman ever had so many of the pleasantest qualities of a good one.

The Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

By Thomas Moore. With Preface and many Supplementary Particulars by Martin McDermott. (Downey.)

THE moving romance of that chivalrous and very hot-headed gentleman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as told by Moore, is sufficiently well known to students of Irish history in the last century. Mr. McDermott has performed his task excellently well: he has broken up Moore's run-on narrative into chapters, provided with a running table of contents, and has furnished the text with adequate notes, explanatory and critical. In his supplementary chapters he tells us more than the author knew about two interesting persons, whose place in the original narrative was by no means proportionate to the parts they played. Of Lady Edward (Pamela) Moore leaves his reader with the notion of such a clinging bread-and-butter cry-baby as the eighteenth-century novelist rejoiced in. In the light of more perfect knowledge she develops into one of the charming women of her age, a beauty and a finished coquette, and moreover with a natural aptitude for intrigue; it is certain that she was no less deeply involved than her Quixotic partner in the various plots against the English Government, which in the end cost him his life.

"She received and passed on the momentous communications between the Government of the French Republic and the Irish Directory. . . . She gave credentials to persons . . . who were thus enabled, through the intervention of her own friends and relations in Paris, to obtain access to persons in power—to such men as Hoche [the leader of the ill-fated expedition of 1796], de la Croix, and Talleyrand."

In concluding his chapter upon the after history of this lady, Mr. McDermott draws out a striking parallel between her character and career and those of her putative ancestress, Marguerite de Valois: for Pamela was almost certainly the daughter of the Duke of Orleans by Mme. de Genlis.

Bound closely up with the years of her married life is the career of that prince of traitors, Samuel Turner, whose treachery was for the first time fully established five years ago by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in his *Secret Service under Pitt*. A doctor of laws of Trinity College, a member of the Irish bar, of dashing presence and winning manners, he established himself as the intimate friend and confidant of the Edward Fitzgerald family.

"He remained at Hambourg, Froude tells us, 'as Lady Edward's guest and most trusted friend; saw every one who came to her house; was admitted to close and secret conversations upon the prospects of French interference in Ireland with Reinhard, the Minister of the

Directory there; and he regularly kept Lord Devonshire informed of everything which would enable Pitt to watch the conspiracy.'"

That a man should be able all his life long to play such a game, never to yield to the temptations of his better angel, or to give way ever so little to the impulses of honour and generosity, betokens a character of almost preternatural constancy in evil. Beside these chapters a number of letters are reproduced which furnish many sidelights on the family history, as well as on the condition of Ireland during the months following and preceding Lord Edward's death.

Mr. McDermott's temperament, perhaps, hardly permits him to maintain an ideal attitude of judicial impartiality, and his language is not always remarkable for restraint; but he handles his matter, upon the whole, with substantial equity, and Moore's book has greatly profited by his enthusiastic pains.

The Outlines of Physics. By Prof. Edward L. Nichols. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Elements of Physics. By Prof. Edward L. Nichols and William S. Franklin. Vol. III. "Light and Sound." (The Macmillan Company.)

TEN or twelve years ago there were scarcely more than a dozen physical laboratories in the country—at the present time no science school is considered to be efficient unless it possesses the room and the equipment for imparting practical knowledge of the properties of material substances. The rise of experimental physics, and the wider recognition of the principle that the only scientific knowledge worth having is that gained by individual experience, are, indeed, the most gratifying features of educational development during the past decade.

In consequence of the encouragement now given to practical work, a host of books have been published for use in physical laboratories, and the encyclopedic species of text-book is slowly giving place to volumes which brings the student in touch with the realities of nature. The two volumes under notice—both from America—are excellent examples of the new methods of science teaching. As an elementary work, suitable for use as a text-book and laboratory guide combined, Prof. Nichols' *Outlines of Physics* fulfils every requirement. The experiments described are practicable, and they bring out prominently the leading principles of physics, while the text, though concise, is sufficient to give students an intelligent interest in their work.

The volume which Prof. Nichols has prepared in collaboration with Prof. Williams is the third of three which together cover the region of investigation belonging to physics. It is lavishly illustrated with diagrams, and should find a place among the books used in our university colleges and institutions of the same rank.

Old Memories. By Gen. Sir Hugh Gough. (Blackwood & Sons.)

WE have rarely met with a more straightforward, modest record of gallantry than this book. Gen. Sir Hugh Gough tells his

story like a brave man and a soldier: it is as direct as one of his own charges at the head of Hodson's Horse; and the literature of the Mutiny, which in the last few months has been increased by Lord Roberts's autobiographical work and Mrs. Steel's long novel, is very sensibly enriched by it. It was at Alumbagh that the author won his V.C.; his account of that memorable action and his incidental references to Hodson, whom he admired intensely, are the best things in the book.

Siam on the Meinam, from the Gulf to Ayuthia, together with Three Romances illustrative of Siamese Life and Customs. By Maxwell Sommerville. With Fifty Illustrations. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is the work of an interested but not very profound observer. Mr. Sommerville visited Bangkok and Ayuthia, and conversed with people on board the river steamer. Being under the mistaken impression, it would seem, that he was the only foreigner who had accomplished this daring feat, he has written the result of his observations at length in a large yellow volume, profusely illustrated with excellent photographs. The author indulges the irritating peculiarity of writing almost exclusively in the historic present, and his strictures upon Buddhism strike the dullest note of provincial Evangelicism.

The Annual Register, 1896. (Longmans & Co.) THIS ancient and honourable publication renews itself once more. How many people know that its first editor was Edmund Burke? He planned and edited it under Dodsley, the publisher, and the first volume appeared in June, 1859. There is no doubt that the labour of compiling this annual during several years greatly widened and strengthened Burke's grasp of politics. The present summary of 1896 seems to us in every way good, and it is we suppose only an evil chance that on first opening the volume the present reviewer's eye fell on a misprint.

Handy Guide to England and Wales. By Edward Smith. (George Allen.)

THIS guide-book is written for American visitors, and therefore it contains many statements which to an English reader appear rather naïve. It is nevertheless a useful manual, allowing for its comprehensiveness. The whole of England and Wales is surveyed on an alphabetical plan, and tours are suggested.

A Doctor's Idle Hours. By "Scalpel." (Downey & Co.)

THIS book is a sheaf of essays on such subjects as "Sleeplessness," "Alcohol," "Contentment," "Earnestness," "Recreation," "Holidays," "Cripples," "Antipathies," and what not. We can conceive that a doctor might write about these things in his idle hours to some purpose. "Scalpel," however, is much too superficial. Vainly we seek meat in these interminable pages. All we find is the amiable writing and the prodigality of quotation that we have learned to associate with such chapter headings as "Scalpel's."

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

THE FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH FICTION.

In his amusing review of an insignificant French story, *La Journal de Liliane*, Mr. Barry Pain is highly entertained by the absurdities of the French pen in over-seas character and tongue. Is Mr. Pain aware that British popular authors generally show themselves no less ignorant when imagination carries them to France? I speak now of writers who, unlike the unfortunate Polish count, can both spell and quote French correctly, and who have lived in France. Little Florac, the immortal husband of 'Igg of Manchesterre, is a delightful acquaintance, but it is doubtful if any French nobleman would recognise him for a compatriot. Miss Edwards is regarded as a complete authority on French life, but her characters are all British under French names, and, like her countrymen at Tours, she transports her English surroundings, habits and ideals across the Channel. The men remain at table and the ladies proceed to the drawing-room, a thing nobody ever saw done at a French dinner-table. Young French girls chaperoned by their governesses go to lunch with their fiancés in starched provincial French towns where you dare not walk on the right side of the street if it is pronounced proper to walk on the left. For the French girl who in real life dared this outrage against public propriety there would be nothing left her but the grave or the cloister. Mrs. Humphry Ward's Bohemian Paris in *David Grieve* is still a matter of astonishment and laughter to her French readers. Her Montmartre and artists of either sex are as likely to be found in the moon as here.

But the honour of breaking the record in French caricature lies with Mr. Keary. The critics assured me that *The Two Lancrofts* was a great and immortal work. I read it with misgivings of my own or the author's reason. He sends one of his heroes over to Paris to study art. Of his art we know nothing. His language, supposed to be acquired in Paris, would astonish the rifest Frenchman. He bellows "My God" three times in every phrase he utters. Now Frenchmen occasionally say "Mon Dieu!" but rarely more than once in a single conversation, and then in the lightest of tones, with a little shrug that robs it of profanity. They sometimes change the *Mon* into *Tu*, thus giving the *Dieu* a sprightly insignificance and connecting it possibly with one of our old Olympian friends. And it is not at all necessary to despatch a young man to Paris to learn bad manners, rascalities, and the art of profane speech. It is not long since the Englishman has ceased to be called abroad the *Goddam* Englishmen, and Frenchmen, Mr. Keary may not be aware, have an ideal of conduct as respectable as his own.

Herbert Vanlenhert contains a distinguished French novelist over which the French critic, if he could be induced to peruse that masterpiece, might write wittier pages far than Mr. Pain's mirthful rescue of Miss Gibson from oblivion. M. Victor Desanges is a kind of Paul Bourget, a brilliant man of the world and of letters, beloved of duchesses, and welcomed in the best English houses and clubs. To be a brilliant man of letters implies in France intelligence, polish, and wit; English social recognition and the love of French duchesses imply the habits and standard of society. Yet M. Desanges is an idiot and a cad. He designs to seduce a young girl he has met socially. A Frenchman of the world would as soon dream of cheating at cards or robbing a bank. He is content to betray the husbands of his acquaintance, when he can, but he can be trusted to respect a young girl. Then M. Desanges discourses drivell to the moonrays. Even international animosities and contempt cannot justify the imbecility of Mr. Keary's distinguished French

novelist. He plaintively conjures Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to assist him in the seduction of Kitty, his friend's guest. "O Marie, aie pitié de moi," he prays to Mary in heaven—does the reader recognise MM. Bourget, Anatole France, Guy de Maupassant, Paul Hervein, Daudet, or Loti in this amiable portrait? "Donne moi ça, O Marie, and I am yours for ever." Exactly, this is just the sort of humour displayed by a brilliant French novelist. It adequately explains his position in letters and justifies his social success. He habitually, being of course a villain and a cad, implores the assistance of the symbol of purity, the patroness of maidenhood in the ruin of a maiden in the grossest abuse of hospitality. As a child he was taught at his mother's knee to say, "Mary, Mother of God, pray for me." Mr. Keary conceives him in manhood meditating a base crime, shouting, with streaming eyes, to the moon: "Mary, Mother of God, assist me to be a black-guard." Is Miss Gibson shielding her face with veil and hands at a maniac's dancing and crying, "Oh, very indecently, indeed," more monstrosously grotesque as an international caricature?

HANNAH LYNCH.

Possessed of Devils. By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. (Macqueen.)

Mrs. Gorst's demoniacal heroine is not, perhaps, so new a departure in fiction as one would imagine from the elaborate apology for her in the Introduction. I have met her before in feminine novels of recent date, nor can I say that I have been any the better for the acquaintance. They may be very actual and very artistic, these raving women who hate their husbands and love their husband's friends, but one may hope they are over-represented in present-day novels. Mrs. Gorst would say that I am a prejudiced person, "for, without disparagement to his critical faculties, a man is incapable of realising the strong element of hysteria which so often underlies a woman's actions." But is it hysteria? It may be hysteria which makes the Lady Radclyffe of the book see visions and talk the usual preposterous nonsense about being "understood"; but is it hysteria which makes her intimidate Francis Ingelow into eloping with her? I am afraid Sir Francis Jeune has a less technical name for it. It is, indeed, a very sad world if Mrs. Gorst reads it aright. She recognises it as "a great primary fact" that "a woman's first natural impulse (to which she may or may not give way) lies in a crooked direction." That, after all, is but another way of saying that the offending Eve has not been whipped out of her. But the author goes far beyond this elementary statement of original sin. "My friend," says Lady Radclyffe to her lover, who had just engaged himself to a non-hysterical girl—

"My friend, can you really believe that the pure angel you approach in fear and trembling when you are wooing her is anything else but an imaginary creation of your temporarily disordered brain? Look about you at the women you have known as girls, and contrast their old-time, sweet, retiring manner with the boldness and assurance which characterise them as wives. Why do they change thus? The answer is simple. They have secured their husbands. No further need for innocence and simplicity, bashful maidenly modesty, blushes and simpers, the bait with which they lured their victims into matrimony. . . . One thing, and one only, can you be certain about respecting a woman. From the cradle the female infant, child, girl, woman, is not, and never has been, what she appears. She is a creation evolved out of an age of shams and unrealities. In her youth a girl dare not be real. In her womanhood she sometimes is just once. You do not think me a good woman. If you knew us better you would understand that now I am at my very best. As good as any woman could be, for at last, and for the first time in my life, I am true. True to myself and to you. George [the husband] I don't count. He is an accident, connected only with the unreality of my past."

It is our duty to resist a philosophy which removes devoted husbands—it is one of “George’s” faults, in the eyes of this lady, that he is consumed by solicitude when she has a headache; she “shudders” on these occasions—into the region of “accidents.” Of course I do not for a moment attribute to Mrs. Gorst the heretical opinions of her heroine. The question is, whether it is worth while, for the sake of recording an egotistical type, to put such ravings into print. Unfortunately, though the story is novel in arrangement, it has not that supreme quality which can reconcile one to a good deal.

* * *

His Daughter. By W. L. Alden.
(Neville Beeman.)

If you are to write a story about Americans you can make no more happy choice of place than Venice. In its cafés, on its piazzas, under the shadow of its palaces, you are bound to get the full value of the grotesque modernity of speech, the shrewd simplicity of thought, and the delicious incongruity of sentiment with which our cousins pay their piquant contribution to the treasury of the nations’ gaiety; but the gaiety in this story is tempered with a genuine sorrow. Silas G. Hoskins, engineer on the St. Paul and Milwaukee road for forty years, brings his daughter to Venice to study singing. It seems that many American young ladies arrive there annually with a view to overcoming, by means of elaborate training, that lack of a voice which alone stands between them and the career of a *prima donna*. But Miss Emmy Hoskins really had a voice. Her father guaranteed it, and, as he justly observed, “when a man’s been listening to locomotive whistles and torpedoes for forty years he’s apt to be a middling good judge of a voice when he hears it.” Silas picked out of the crowd a resident American, named Fairchild, and opened to him his arms and his house. Fairchild rendered him the service of demonstrating the unworthiness of a certain gay Frenchman to touch the hand of the beautiful Emmy. Unfortunately, Emmy was very much attached to this rake, and so, while she ostensibly yielded to the cogency of the reasons set out before her judgment, she plotted at the same time a cruel revenge against this officious friend. Deliberately she set herself to win Fairchild’s affections, and on the date appointed for his marriage the unfortunate young man received a cold letter from which he learned that he had been fooled, and that his betrothed was united to the adventurer. But it was upon the old man that the blow fell most heavily. His trust in his beautiful daughter was unqualified, his assurance of her impeccability was unstinted; and they were strained to the utmost. Some months after the break-up Fairchild finds him patiently earning a humble livelihood as fireman on one of the despised “Eyetalian” lines, with his confidence in his Emmy still unshaken, though he has heard nothing of her since the announcement of her marriage; and it is his privilege to soothe the last hours of the single-minded, excellent old man. The conclusion of the story—the union of Fairchild with Emmy, who reappears as a disenchanting widow—whether or not an artistic feature, will probably please the majority of readers; of which majority I am not. The tale is bright with humour, and warm with a personal interest; and the main theme has been worked out with thoughtful care.

* * *

A Princess of Islam. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I.
(Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Sherer has constructed a very fair story out of material with which he is evidently familiar. George Wilton is Minister of State to Hassain Khan, the reigning prince of the independent Moslem State of Ling. His royal master is much attached to him, and proposes to marry him to his own niece, the Princess Noor-on-issa. Wilton, being easy-going and fond of power, consents with some hesitation, and Mr. Sherer has the opportunity for a long and interesting description of the three days’ ceremonies of a Moslem wedding. Then Wilton is summoned by family affairs to England, and in his absence Hassain Khan dies and is succeeded by the fanatical Kadir Khan, to whom marriage with the infidel is an abomination. Noor-on-issa falls ill, and Kadir Khan announces her death. Everyone, except, perhaps, the wily reviewer, is deceived. George Wilton’s services at Ling are now dispensed with; he settles down in England on two lacs of rupees, and

ultimately marries an old English flame, Kate Fortescue. Then Noor-on-issa escapes from the durance vile in which Kadir Khan has held her, and makes her way to England to seek her husband. The foreseen complications are near at hand, though we do not propose to reveal precisely how they are in the end resolved. There is a touch of the amateur in Mr. Sherer’s writing, a stiffness in the dialogue and the by-play, but he is not without a quiet humour, and has the serious interest of his story well in hand. Both George Wilton and the passionate Noor-on-issa are careful studies of character.

* * *

Elementary Jane. By Richard Pryce.
(Hutchinson.)

Here is a psychological study which concerns itself with the normal—a satire tenderly long-suffering towards weakness and frivolity; humour that smiles through tears.

“The orchestra was playing the opening bars of her first song. The second time they were played she would have to run on. Would she have the courage? What if she broke down? The drum in the band made the tune sound nice, didn’t it? . . . She closed her eyes for a moment. It was now or never. It was now. . . .”

And excellent Mrs. Kerridge whispered to her niece, Mrs. Atwell, that she was “come over all of a heat,” and she trembled “fit to make the bench shake.”

This is *Elementary Jane’s* *début* at a southern hall. She sang “a treat,” and after a while won to fame and the West End. But it is not with her professional career that we are mainly concerned. Two men loved “Jenny Tandem” (*née* Smith), each after his kind—Curley, the pride of the famous Merino Family, and Michael Seaward, utility bandsman, a serious, strong-hearted man. When Seaward’s friend and first patron exerted his influence to withdraw him from the neighbourhood of a siren (what else could a “Jenny Tandem” be?), Jane fell altogether under the charm of the handsome boy. Her simple heart and purity awoke in him the best of his rudimentary soul, and he offered her marriage. For six months she was happy, and then the inevitable accomplished itself: he went adrift. But she was loyal to the last; and for her reward it was she, and not the other, in whose arms he died, with her tears upon his face. The author has not limited his pains to the three principal characters. The members of the Merino Family, the various ladies of the profession with whom Jane has to do, her friend and landlady Mrs. Kerridge, are no lay figures; and in the delicate handling of them all, that characteristic of Mr. Pryce to which we have made allusion—his large tolerance—manifests itself. In all of them the cruel pushfulness that plays so great a part in social life is but the armour that protects a freight of charity.

* * *

A Noble Haul (“Little Novels,” No. 11). By W. Clark Russell.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin is indefatigable in his labours in the railway passenger’s behalf, and his ingenuity matches his zeal. The “Little Novels” are of a handy width and slimness, their binding is in strong cloth, and their print is leather-tough’d: even the thunderous darkness of your tunnels will hardly break the continuity of your study. Mr. Clark Russell, who fills the eleventh volume of these series with a capital pot-boiler, is so even a writer that we set out with confidence to read him; and in the result we are not disappointed. We have here the careful technical detail, the picturesque sky and sea, the conscientious and capable style we have learned to expect; and the story of the heroic officer and his brutal captain, the midnight evasion from the tyrant’s ship, the lighting of the fugitives upon the dismantled derelict, which they happily navigate into port, will exhilarate readers who delight to snuff the briny in their comfortable armchairs. But the talk of the third officer, whose escape is the principal business of the book, is surely a little too much of the if-you-please order. “How long a time was to elapse before the second mate should be released?” and “With whom did this scheme originate?” are perfectly polite and grammatical English, but I suspect they are not just the sort of phrase which third officers of small trading vessels use in conversing with the men.

Paul's Stepmother, and One Other Story. By Lady Troubridge.
(Grant Richards.)

Paul's stepmother is the young wife of an old man. Paul is disgusted at the match, and visits his father's house with contempt written on his brow. He finds it invaded by a troop of his stepmother's relations—vulgar children of a shady military man—who are preying on their sister's new fortune. Paul, who came to rebuke, commits the extraordinary and improbable sin of falling in love with his stepmother, and instead of holding his tongue or going away, as any gentleman would have done, blurts it all out on the first opportunity. The stepmother meets him at least half-way, and when she hears of his death in a railway accident dies too, of heart-disease. The rumour, as usual, is false, and Paul lives to weep upon the grave and to comfort his father's declining years. Lady Troubridge opens her first chapter with a sniff at Ibsen; but I can assure her that if Ibsen had thought fit to deal with an incestuous tale at all he would at least have treated it with some adequate realisation of the horror and tragedy involved. This Lady Troubridge has not done, and, I should judge, is quite incompetent to do. She had better have kept within the range of incident and emotion ordinarily permitted to novelists without genius. The second story, of which the title is "Poor Roderick," is quite harmless, but it is also quite insipid. A girl marries a man she does not love, without even a conventionally adequate motive for doing so. She then breaks her heart for the man she does love, who also loves her and promptly goes to the bad through her loss. It is all very foolish; but we really cannot conjure up much interest in a young woman who behaves in this sort of way.

* * *
Miss Tudor. By John Le Breton.
(Macqueen.)

Bessie Richardson finds herself destitute, and her mother a widow. She resolves to earn her living on the variety stage. Her relatives, who are in trade, consequently cast her off. She takes the name of Bessie Tudor, and learns some "coon" song. But she finds that in order to get any further it is necessary to allow her agent to seduce her. Having attained to fame and fortune, she gets rid of him. She then gets engaged to a millionaire of philanthropic habits, but his philanthropy and his millions turn out to be equally bogus. Ultimately Miss Tudor falls in love with Arthur Sinjohn, a black-and-white artist on a theatrical print, known as *Sidewings*. Her affection is returned, but there is the past to be reckoned with. The discarded agent takes his revenge in boasting of Miss Tudor's favours. Arthur Sinjohn breaks off the match, and the unhappy life ends in the Thames. It is a sordid chronicle of the seamy side of London civilisation, of a world where every man calls every woman "my dear," and where an offer of drink is the only recognised form of salutation. To read it is a bad dream, and to analyse it nauseates. Of course such material is capable of, and has before now received, artistic treatment; but this remark has no direct application to Mr. Le Breton's story.

* * *
A Daughter of the Klephts. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
(W. & R. Chambers.)

Recent events appear to have stimulated a mushroom crop of novels and other books dealing with modern Greece. The heroine of the present story, Patience Hedges, *alias* Stella Tzavellis, is a Greek by birth. She is sent to England in early childhood; her protector dies by the wayside, and she becomes a waif and stray. Through the kindness of an ancient lady she is brought up in an English school, and receives a small legacy. Her parentage is discovered by an accident; she returns to Greece, finds herself in the thick of the struggle for Independence, devotes her fortune to the national cause, and escapes from the disastrous evacuation of Missolonghi in the dress of a *pallikar*. To this motive is somewhat loosely hitched on a second one, dealing with the misfortunes of a respectable English family from whom the heroine had received kindness in childhood. Miss Mayo describes well, and has some gift of character-painting; but the book is irritating, because it is so badly constructed. The various threads of interest have little or nothing to do with each other. There are also various morals scattered about; but as Miss Mayo is apparently writing for girls, she may, perhaps, claim a traditional right to be didactic.

SELECTED NOVELS

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FOR HOLIDAY READING.

The Queer Folk of Fife: Tales from the Kingdom. By David Pryde, M.A., LL.D. (Glasgow: Morrison Brothers.)

This book, which is neatly bound and excellently printed, contains eight stories dealing with various aspects of life and character ranging from "The Breach of Promise" to "How the Deacon Became an Abstainer." The stories are readable though not unduly exciting. The folk are not specially queer nor are they inevitably of Fife. Indeed, most of them express themselves at times in phraseology ponderously English. The following extract taken at random from "How the Deacon Became an Abstainer" is a fair sample of the author's more didactic style:

"By taking the pledge," replied the minister, "not publicly—just now at least, that might rouse people's suspicion, but privately to myself. I shall draw up a paper here to-day, which you will sign, and to which Mr. Slater will append his name as a witness. I shall then explain to the people of the house that you were ill, not intoxicated, and that to prevent the uncharitable world putting the worst construction on the circumstance, they must mention this lamentable occurrence to nobody."

The minister would surely have made a happier choice of words if he had exhorted the people of the house not to mention this lamentable occurrence to anybody, in preference to imposing upon them the impossible injunction that "they must mention" it "to nobody." The best story in the book is "The Boy Heretic." The title is gained by a boy of seven who, on the schoolmaster informing the assembled school that one of their number, aged nine, who had gone for a row on the loch on a fast day, and had been drowned by the capsizing of the boat, "was now bitterly repenting his neglect of ordinances in the place of woe," has the courage to retort, "It's a lee." "Then was witnessed a spectacle which was not uncommon in that class of schools—a man trying to beat what he called 'human depravity' out of a child, just as a housemaid beats the dust out of a dirty carpet." But neither blows, nor expulsion from school, nor home persecution moved the youthful protestant, and to every fresh attack his response was terse and emphatic, "It's a lee." Ultimately the juvenile heretic meets with a more sympathetic teacher and triumphantly emerges from his childish sorrows.

TALKS ON THE TEETH.—No. 2.

Do you recognise how essential good teeth are to the health of the whole body? Every tooth that is decayed or inefficient throws extra work on the rest, and hastens their decay. Presently the work of mastication is interfered with, and that leads to Dyspepsia, while the decaying teeth are themselves a source of direct injury to the health

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Nilma. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mrs. Campbell Praed is always at home in the treatment of Australian themes, and in *Nilma* she gives us a good picture of Government House life in a Colony. Briefly, it is the story of a married woman's struggles to retain her lover's allegiance, and her somewhat unscrupulous method of defeating the young girl who is her rival. Mrs. Praed has done better work.

THE STORY OF A PLAY.

The history of Gabrielle d'Annunzio's *Le Songe d'une Matinée de Printemps*, says the *Saturday Review*, is worth telling. It is connected with the name of La Duse and her visit to Paris. D'Annunzio was with her when the invitation to the *Renaissance* came, and when, according to Comte Primoli, she was in two minds as to accepting it. D'Annunzio recalled to her the generous reception the work of a young and unknown Italian novelist had received in France. "Je suis sûr," he said, "que vous trouverez à Paris mieux que partout ailleurs des oreilles attentives et des âmes recueillies." Duse, still unconvinced, pointed out that, as Parisians did not know her tongue, attentive ears would be of little use. D'Annunzio said that was of small account, since she would astound them with the thousand expressions of her mobile face and the music of Italian words. "Jolie musique!" Duse is reported to have said. "Mon répertoire se compose de mauvaises traductions de pièces françaises connues!" She then challenged him to write her "une œuvre de poésie."

"Vous n'y pensez pas: en une semaine! C'est une folie!"

"Alors faites-moi un rôle de folie."

"Vous irez à Paris?"

"A cette seule condition."

"Eh, bien, dans dix jours vous aurez votre folie!"

The "folie" was completed in the given time; the MS., bound in a piece of rare brocade and tied with green ribbons, was in Duse's hands. It was "*Le Songe d'une Matinée de Printemps*."

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THE EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

BOOKS on naval history and practice may or may not be literature; in most cases, of course, they are not, but literature may be read into them. They are fragments, so to speak, of the unwritten epic of the British Navy. Hence, in a week in which pure literature is hardly represented in our list of new books, it cannot be improper to give the first place to Capt. H. Garbett's R.N. work, *Naval Gunnery*, just published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Capt. Garbett's aim, as expressed by himself, is

"to trace the history of naval gunnery from the date when guns are first mentioned as having been used on board ship down to our own time, and to put into a readable form enough of the heavy matter contained in the standard text-books to give non-professional readers a fair insight into the causes which have brought us from the smooth-bore muzzle-loading 68-pounder, the heaviest gun in existence at the time of the Russian War, to the breech-loading 111-ton guns of the *Sans Pareil* and *Benbow*, and from the smooth-bore 32-pounder of the same period to the 6-inch quick-firing gun of to-day; and also to give some idea of how the guns on board men-of-war are now constructed, mounted and worked, and how complex but formidable a fighting machine is the battleship of the present day when compared to the wooden ships of the line and frigates of only thirty years ago."

With Capt. Garbett's book comes a new volume of the publications of the Navy Records Society—*The Journal of Sir George Rooke*. Mr. Oscar Browning edits the *Journal*, which he states to be an account of an expedition into the Sound in 1700, and of an attack on Cadiz and Vigo in 1702.

Colonial books may be expected for some time to come. Mr. William Gisborne, a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, has revised and practically re-written a work published by him ten years ago, entitled *New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen, from 1840 to 1897*. A leading feature of the book is its series of portraits and character-sketches of the statesmen who have had to deal with the problems of New Zealand politics. These problems have been, many of them, extremely knotty: "take, for instance," says Mr. Gisborne, "the assumption of British sovereignty founded upon what is called the Treaty of Waitangi; the native land question; the mutual relations of the Crown, the natives, and the colonists; the work of colonisation in the midst of civil warfare; self-government; internal defence; the union of the two races under conflicting conditions." Many of the men who dealt with these questions are now dead, and it was certainly time, as Mr. Gisborne suggests, that their Valhalla was constituted.

Early in this year Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is Quain Professor of Law at University College, London, delivered four lectures to his students upon *The Law of Employers' Liability at Home and Abroad*. These lectures are now issued in part by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and they make an attractive little book. Mr. Birrell has already published his lectures, delivered in the Inner Temple last year, upon *The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees*, and these two books, together with Mr. W. Blake Odgers' *Outlines of the Law of Libel*, suggest the growth of a little library in which legal subjects might be treated after a new fashion; for these books are entertaining as well as learned and practical.

A book of interest and importance to schoolmasters is *Teaching and Organisation*, edited by P. A. Barnett, M.A. It is a manual of teaching practice written on a "frankly empirical plan" by a number of practised teachers. The editor humorously prefixes to the book the following colloquy between Smith and Cade in Henry vi. 2:

"SMITH: He can write, and read, and cast account.

"CADE: O monstrous!

"SMITH: We took him setting of boys' copies.

"CADE: Here's a villain!"

Books of maxims, and books on the conduct of life generally, seem to have been issued in numbers in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Balthasar Gracian's book of maxims was then translated from the Spanish, and last October Judge E. A. Parry revealed to us the existence of Osborne's *Advice to a Son*. Mr. Herbert H. Sturmer has been exploring this field, and has just produced a re-written version of *The Counsels of William de Britaine*. Mr. Sturmer tells us that his book is founded on the eleventh (1717) edition of de Britaine's *Humane Prudence*, of which the first edition appeared in 1680. Although this edition appears to be the best, it is full of printer's errors, and presents, according to Mr. Sturmer, "an extraordinary *mélange* of styles." Just what amount of revision

Mr. Sturmer has brought to the original text it is not easy to gather, and for our own part we should have preferred a reprint of the old text—assuming it is worth reprinting—with all faults. Mr. Sturmer has tried hard to identify William de Britaine. He believes that this name is a pseudonym, and that the writer, whatever his name, was a South Welshman, a scholarly man of the world, fond of retirement, with a turn for epigram, and whose father's name was William. A writer who answers to this description is John Davies, of Kidwelly (Carmarthenshire), who was a fairly prolific writer, and the author of *Epictetus Junior*; or, *Maxims of Modern Morality*, and another similar work. The book which Mr. Sturmer presents to us is divided into thirty-two chapters, with such headings as—"Of Religion," "Of Injuries and Revenge," "Of the Art of Being Happy," &c., &c.

A new and cheaper edition of Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s *Familiar Wild Flowers* is sure to be welcomed. Originally published in five volumes at 12s. 6d. each, this work is to be issued in the same number of volumes at 3s. 6d. each. The coloured plates throughout are good and numerous. Meanwhile, Mr. J. H. Crawford publishes, through Mr. John Macqueen, *Wild Flowers of Scotland*. Botanising in Scotland has features of its own:

"If," says Mr. Macqueen, "only a bold man dare take the golden eagle's eggs from the face of a Grampian precipice, it needs a bolder one still to rob that little colony of alpine, faintly glowing through the field-glass, five hundred feet above and below."

A new edition of the late Prof. Henry Drummond's *Ascent of Man* is issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, making the twenty-fifth thousand.

Bishops of the Day is a squat octavo in a blue cloth cover studded with episcopal coats-of-arms; its aim is "to give some account of the life and work of every living Archbishop and Bishop, without exception, of the Church of England, and of Churches in communion therewith, including colonial, missionary, suffragan, and the retired Bishops, as well as the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES. By the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. The Roxburghe Press. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

NEW ZEALAND RULERS AND STATESMEN: FROM 1840 TO 1897. By William Gisborne. Sampson Low.

A REGISTER OF THE MEMBERS OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD. By William Dunn Macray, M.A. Vol. II: FELLOWS, 1522-1575. Henry Frowde.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY. Vol. IX. THE JOURNAL OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, 1700-1702. Edited by Oscar Browning. The Navy Records Society.

ART, POETRY, THE DRAMA.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited by G. A. Aitken. J. M. Dent & Co.

FICTION.

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER. By Mr. S. J. H. Riddell. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE CHEVALIER D'AUBIAC. By S. Levett-Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

THE MUTABLE MANY. By Robert Barr. Methuen & Co. 6s. SCIENTIFIC.

THE LOWELL LECTURES ON THE ASCENT OF MAN. Twenty-fifth thousand. By Henry Drummond. Hodder & Stoughton.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND. By J. H. Crawford. John Macqueen.

FAMILIAR WILD FLOWERS. Figured and Described by F. Edward Hulme. First Series. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

WHITBY PAST AND PRESENT. By Robert B. Holt. Copas & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

KEY TO THE GRADUATED COURSE OF TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH PROSE. By Victor Spiers, M.A. J. Tamblayn.

A COURSE OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. Part I., ELEMENTARY. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d.

TEACHING AND ORGANISATION. Edited by P. A. Barnett, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAVAL GUNNERY. By Captain H. Garbett, R.N. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

THE LAW OF EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Augustine Birrell, M.P. Macmillan & Co.

THE COUNSELS OF WILLIAM DE BRITAINNE. Edited by Herbert H. Sturmer, F. E. Robinson.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL: AN ADDRESS. By William Greenwell. Fifth edition. Andrews & Co. (Durham).

FRUITS AND FARINACEA: THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN. By John Smith. Ideal Publishing Union.

A HANDY BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By Rev. Edward L. Cutts, D.D. New edition. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY OF THE OLDHAM LYCEUM (1839-1897). By Arthur Tait, Henry C. Lee.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT has lately come to the knowledge of Mr. Charles Baxter, sole executor of the late R. L. Stevenson, that a translation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been running gaily through the pages of *Le Temps*, under the title of *Dr. Jancourt*, signed with the name of a French writer. Mr. Baxter has asked for an explanation from the proprietors of *Le Temps*. Here is a translation of their reply:

"*Le Temps*, 5, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.
"July 17, 1897.

"We have been deceived by the author who delivered to us, as unpublished, the story entitled *Dr. Jancourt*. When this deception was made known to us, we announced that *Dr. Jancourt* was taken from R. L. Stevenson, and, further, we requested M. Flotron, the writer in question, to explain his conduct to MM. Plon Nourrit, the publishers and the owners of the rights of translation of the original story [*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*]. That was done. Pending these negotiations we ceased the publication of *Dr. Jancourt*, as you may convince yourself by the series of *Le Temps* that I am sending you.

"We have, then, after becoming the victim of a deception equally prejudicial to ourselves, done our best to safeguard the rights of the publishers and translators as well as the reputation of R. L. Stevenson.

"It is quite understood that we shall not reproduce *Dr. Jancourt* in any form whatever.

"Accept, Sir, the assurance of our highest consideration.

"C. PARISSET,

"Le Directeur-Général de la Société du Journal *Le Temps*."

And there the matter rests for the present.

WITH the instalment in the August *Pall Mall Magazine* Robert Louis Stevenson's romance "St. Ives" comes to its abrupt end. According to the editor's announcement: "At this point the story breaks off, having been laid aside by the author some weeks before his death. At the request of the executors of the author, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has undertaken to complete the story from notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, step-daughter and amanuensis of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The story will be completed in six chapters, the first instalment appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for September." On reading Stevenson's last chapters, less and less do we envy Mr. Quiller-Couch his task. The state of the story is now crucial—the style richer than ever in Stevensonian inevitabilities, the atmosphere electric. It will require all "Q.'s" ingenuity to "jine the flats."

MR. KIPLING's silence at the time of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations was commented upon, near and far. While the Poet Laureate, Sir Lewis Morris, Prof. Courthope, and a number of other singers gave voice to the national joy and satisfaction, Mr. Kipling said nothing. It was considered odd, because it is known that no one loves England and England's greatness more jealously than he. But Mr. Kipling had his own reasons. He is not merely a literary man concerned with the fittingness of syllables: he is a traveller, an unerring observer of men and nations; in short, an imperialist who knows his subject and feels strongly. Hence the very remarkable poem which he has contributed to the *Times*.

THE other singers gave us "Processionals": Mr. Kipling's contribution is called "Recessional." It is grave and sonorous as the warning of an oracle, and, above all, it is timely. Mr. Kipling knows both how and when to strike.

WE observe that Mr. Kipling's poem has met with some hostility. The *Chronicle*, for example, considers his present position of national admonisher to "beat cock-fighting," and charges him with insincerity. We know very little of cock-fighting, but we do know that an author is capable of development, and that the patriotic poems in *The Seven Seas* are the direct precursors of such an utterance as this Recessional. "When we want admonishment," says the *Chronicle*—"as we often do—we turn to the great names of Milton and Wordsworth. But when we think of Mr. Kipling there arises the vision of certain immortal (but not impeccable) 'Tommies,' not of a prophet of 'fate, foreknowledge, free-will absolute.'" But to regard Mr. Kipling in this limited way is to take no account of his astounding variety and vigour. No man has done more to deserve more generous treatment. We should call the "Recessional" as sincere an expression of the more serious political Kipling as the *Barrack-Room Ballads* are of the other.

MR. KIPLING's poem is to be set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan with the author's consent.

IN the current number of *The Sketch*, a reviewer claims to give the final, flawless estimate of the work entitled *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have recently published. This he has been led to do by what he considers the mistaken views of other papers, from a number of which, under the pretext of seeing "what the critics have to say," he quotes detached lines. With the *Sketch* reviewer's own remarks on the book we are not concerned, but we do object most strongly to a single line from our review being cited as showing what the ACADEMY's critic "has to say" of the book. The ACADEMY critic wrote at length, deliberately, and with an admixture of praise and blame. To pick out six words from his three-column article and print them as what he "has to say" is unjust. Nothing less than his complete article shows what he "has to say."

WE can understand publishers, for obvious business reasons, detaching favourable lines from reviews of books, and calling them the opinions of critics, but it is not a practice that critics themselves should resort to. Had the *Sketch* reviewer given his extracts merely as a reproduction of the publisher's advertisement we should have nothing to remark. It is when he adds his own comment that this is the opinion of the critics that we object.

THE announcement made by a contemporary that the biography of Prof. Huxley would be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. simultaneously with the life of Lord Tennyson was incorrect. Prof. Huxley's biography will not be seen until the autumn of 1898. We may add that it is being written by the late Prof. Huxley's son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, and that this is the one fact concerning the book that can be given to the public at present.

THE life of Lord Tennyson, written by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, will appear on October 6, and will be contained in two volumes. Some fears have been expressed that this biography might prove to be too severely edited from a family point of view. We shall know the truth of this when the book appears; but in writing the life Lord Tennyson has obtained the advice of many friends of the late Poet Laureate. The biography will contain a number of unpublished poems by the late Laureate.

IT is not probable that any startling development in the discount struggle will take place just yet. But there is no mistake about the reality of the struggle. The publishers are unanimously in favour of the 2d. discount, and they will render effectual aid to the Booksellers' Association. In conversation with a leading publisher the other day we gathered that the difficulties of the question and the strength of the

opposition are fully realised by the party of reform.

IN connexion with the revived popularity of the poems of Col. John Hay, the American Ambassador, a correspondent sends a parody of "Jim Bludso," cut by him some two or three years ago from the columns of the *Globe*, that treasury of parodies. It should, he thinks, amuse Col. Hay's new readers. The circumstance that called forth the parody (which, by the way, purports to be written by Col. Jack Straw) was a fire in Whitechapel, from which a number of girls were rescued by means of an omnibus backed by its driver against the building:

TIM WHIPSO,
Of the Pirate 'Bus.

He weren't no saint—their driver blokes
Is all of a piece, you know,
One wife in Highgate, top of the hill,
And another one here, at Bow.
While this is all the religion he had—
To treat his hosses well,
Never be passed by a rival 'bus,
And mind the conductor's bell.

But as full of grit as you like was Tim,
With an awkward tongue in a block:
Why, I've heard him reproving a Pickford
Till the hoss went lame from the shock.
And he worried the slops—but on Court days
I'd run my chance with Tim,
For there ain't a beak as could come down hard
On a man who could joke like him.

All shops has their day in Whitechapel,
And Goldstein's come at last;
The flames was licking the Milky Way
When Tim went driving past.
He saw a face at a window,
And backed his 'bus and roared,
'I'll hold the staircase agin' the kerb
Till the last girl out's on board!

Through the hot black breath of the burning
house
Tim Whipso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And Tim's conductor caught her
As she jumped for it then and there,
And, true to his pirate principles,
He charged her double fare!

A REVIEWER in the *Chronicle*, writing of a work on polo, mentions Mr. Kipling's story, "The Maltese Cat," as the only reference to the game in fiction. To what extent the game may have been treated by novelists we cannot say, but certainly there is a fine and exciting polo match in Mr. Crawford's novel, *Mr. Isaacs*.

SOME few weeks ago, in anticipation of the tourist season, orders went forth that Custom House officers were to be strict in confiscating Tauchnitz volumes. Possibly with a view to the encouragement of literary smugglers, Messrs. Heinemann & Balestier's Library, which sprang into existence half-a-dozen years ago and suddenly ceased its activities, has now recommenced. Since January, Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* have been added to the list. It remains to be seen whether the rules concerning Tauchnitz volumes extend also to the rival series.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE will visit America in the autumn for the purpose of delivering fifty readings from his books.

THE latest book-collecting story is not bad. A book-lover, who is also a tobacco-lover, walked into an East-end tobacconist's shop just in time to see the proprietress calmly tearing pages from a black-letter book to make wrappers for half ounces of shag. The book was an Elizabethan volume called *The Good Housewife's Jewell*. He bought it for a shilling. But three leaves had already been basely used and were gone from the shop. The collector offered a reward for each of the missing pages, not a large one—he did the whole thing frugally—but the promise of a pint of beer to each of the three purchasers who had a page in his possession was quite enough. The missing three pages were all recovered, though one was literally plucked from the burning, a navvy having twisted it up to light his pipe with it.

A SCHOOLMASTER having read, with pain and surprise, the *Spectator's* recent article on "The Illiterate Undergraduate," to which we have already alluded, set fifteen boys in the upper school sixth form a literary examination paper to test the soundness of the *Granta's* pessimistic views, these boys being fairly representative of the average undergraduate. In the result eleven boys "showed at least a fair, some a very good, knowledge of *David Copperfield*. The two best papers, which were really admirable examples of literary criticism, did not attempt this question, I cannot suppose from ignorance, but from want of time. Nine showed a good knowledge of Kingsley. Eight gave me a good account of one out of the three of Sir Walter Scott's greater novels to which I limited them. Ten showed an admirable knowledge of either *Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, or *The Newcomes*, one or two of these answers being particularly excellent. The average number of Stevenson's works which these boys had read was four. The average number of George Eliot's was one. Three only, I regret to say, knew anything about Mrs. Proudie, but though Trollope is my favourite novelist, he has unaccountably declined in public favour."

So much for the upper school. The schoolmaster continues: "Hardly a boy in the fifth and middle forms was in the state described by the *Granta*, though I regret to say most of the 'moderns' were. Yet some even of these were not so."

It is stated that Mark Twain will spend the winter in Vienna, where his daughter, who intends to become a public singer, will take lessons.

A NEW edition of the late Prof. Drummond's *Ascent of Man* has just been published, bringing the work to its twenty-fifth thousand. In the August number of *Wee Willie Winkie*, a bright little magazine for "bairns," which is controlled by Lady Aberdeen and her daughter, a humorous story for children from Prof. Drummond's pen will be pub-

lished under the title "The Monkey That Would Not Kill."

THE first volume of a new scientific series will be published in the autumn called "The Progressive Science Series." The title, which is intended to be indicative of the character and scope of the volumes as opposed to a series whose object were merely historical or expository. In other words, the volumes, although not in any way neglecting history or exposition, will endeavour to indicate the line of future discoveries in each particular branch, and save investigators trouble by going over ground that has recently been trodden without result. Among the authors and volumes already in preparation are the following: Prof. Cope will write on Vertebrate Palaeontology, Mr. Geikie on Earth Structure, Mr. St. George Mivart on the Groundwork of Science, Mr. Bonney on Volcanoes. Other volumes are in contemplation on Heredity in Relation to Crime, in both its legal and scientific aspects, on the Relation between Science and Religion, upon the Animal Ovum, upon Theories of Matter, and possibly a volume upon Marriage and Divorce. The series in its entirety will comprise volumes on every branch of science, some half-dozen or more being published in each year at first. Mr. Beddard is the general editor of the series, which will be issued by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.

Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Ireland in 1588 is the title of a new work on the Spanish Armada to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. The first part is by Mr. Hugh Allingham, who gives a history from contemporary sources of the destruction of part of the Armada on the Irish coast, and of Captain Cuellar's adventures after being cast ashore. The second part contains a complete translation from the Spanish by Mr. Robert Crawford, and Cuellar's own narrative of the Armada and his travels in Connacht and Ulster.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS & Co. will publish on October 15 a large art work under the title *Christ and His Mother in Italian Art*. The work is edited by the Rev. Canon Eyton and Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). It consists of fifty examples of Madonnas, holy families, nativities, crucifixions, and other subjects portraying the various incidents in the life of Jesus Christ. A portfolio of India proofs of these plates for the purpose of framing will accompany the volume.

THE second edition of Mr. Henry Dunning MacLeod's *Theory of Credit*, vol. ii., part ii., will be published next week.

THE forthcoming number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain a short poem to the memory of Mrs. Oliphant by the Rev. J. H. Skrine, author of *Joan the Maid*. It will also include a description of a famine camp in Burmah, by a writer well known in the East by the name of "H. Fielding." The fiction will comprise a further instalment of Mrs. Fraser's novel, "A Chapter of Accidents," and a short story called "A Village Sovereign."

A BUNDLE OF EPITAPHS.

IT is wonderful, considering how self-conscious is the race of bards, that so few poets have composed their own epitaphs. One would have thought that, with the essential morbidness of the poetic temperament, most, if not all, of them would have devoted some melancholy hour to the pleasing task of thinking out a verse for their tombstones. Yet how few there are who have done it! Keats, of course, one of the youngest and consequently most self-conscious of poets, did so, and every one knows the celebrated line which he ordered to be placed upon his grave:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Surely an epitaph as pathetic as any that has been made for early death and genius, and one that must have touched an answering chord in such a man as Byron, despite the contemptuous couplet in *Don Juan*:

"'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Few poets, however, have been so happy in their self-composed epitaphs as Keats. Coleridge wrote two, one in Latin and one in English, both bad. Prior one, which may be quoted rather for its brevity than for any particular merit:

"To me 'twas given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even,
Mark! How impartial is the will of Heaven."

Yes, it is certainly bad! Herrick's two are better, but still not good. One is of the ordinary commonplace order. The other may be quoted, if only for its extraordinary metre:

"Thus I
Pass by,
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone:
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I th' grave,
There have
My cave;
Where till
I dwell,
Fare well."

Its merit is not conspicuous. There is, of course, the famous one of Shakespeare, though some are hardy enough to deny that Shakespeare wrote it:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Villon made "an epitaph in the form of a ballade" for himself and his companions, expecting to be hanged along with them, but it is too long to give here, and is strictly speaking more ballade than epitaph. He also made a quatrain on himself when he was condemned to death.

Horace in one of his most celebrated Odes writes a couple of lines which, if they were not intended for an epitaph, have been plentifully used as such:

"Non omnis moriar multaque pars me
Vitabit Libitinam—"

which the old cynic in Mr. Mallock's *New*

Republic adapted to himself sufficiently neatly as:

"Omnis moriar nullaue pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."

It is in the *New Republic*, too, that that other extract from Horace is made to do duty as an epitaph for a courtesan:

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti
Tempus abire tibi est."

"You have wantoned enough with me; you have eaten enough of my substance; you have drunk enough of my champagne; 'tis high time for you to go"—as he translates it.

Swift, as one would expect, composed his own epitaph, and a fine one it is:

"Hic depositum est Corpus
Jonathan Swift, S.T.P.
Hujus ecclesie Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Uterius cor lacerare nequit.
Abi Viator
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem."

Nothing could be finer nor more apt than the *sæva indignatio* of the fifth line, and nothing more characteristic of Swift than the trumpeting of his patriotism in lines eight and nine. Poor Swift was never tired of recalling to his readers his share in the rather ignoble Irish squabble with what seems to have been a tolerably harmless measure of currency, Wood's halfpence.

The great storehouse of epitaphs either made by the persons buried beneath them, or at least written as if so made, is, of course, the Greek Anthology. These epitaphs have the simple, lucid, unstrained style which is to be found only in Ben Jonson's epitaphs among English poets. The ability to tell the plain story of the dead man plainly and yet poetically is his alone among the moderns. Among the Greeks it was more common. There is no straining after effect, no attempt at wit, nothing that could be called in the modern sense epigrammatic. Very often the couplet or quatrain contains merely a brief, simple statement of how the deceased lived and died, without a word either of comment or criticism. There are, of course, exceptions. The following, for example, has undeniably the epigrammatic touch:

Ἐξηκοστόν τις Διονύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι
Τάρσευς, μὴ γήμας· αἶθε δὲ μὴδ' ὁ πατήρ.

"Here lie I, Dionysius of Tarsus, dead at sixty. I never married. Would my father had not!"

A more splendid epitaph for a true cynic it would be impossible to conceive. Even that single word "*Miserrimus*" over an unknown grave at Westminster is not more impressive. There are epitaphs on shipwrecked sailors without number in the Anthology, and most of them are very happy.

Ναυήγου τράφος εἶμι· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ δὲ ἡμεῖς
ἄλλοι μὲν, αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐκπομπόρου.

"I am the tomb of one shipwrecked, but sail thou on. For when we sank, others were safe on sea."

It is, of course, impossible to give the neatness and delicacy of the Greek, but even in English the effect is not wholly lost. Here is one of the simplest and most character-

istic. Ben Jonson might have written it, but surely no other English poet:

Ἀσθὲν κατὰ τὸν παῖδα πάλιν ἀνέθηκε Φίλιππος
ἐνθάδε, τὴν πόλιν ἐλπίδα, Νικοτέλην.

"His father Philip buried here his twelve-year old boy, his darling hope, Nicoteles."

There are besides two admirable epitaphs on seamen by Plato which are perhaps too well known to quote. This of Simonides, however, may be given for the sake of the grim irony in its last line:

Κρηὶς γυνὴν Βροτάχου· Γορτύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι
Ὁδὸν κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθόν, ἀλλὰ μὴ δ' ἐμπορίαν.

"A Cretan by birth, I, Brotachus, of Gortyna, lie here, who came not hither for this, but for traffic."

The humour of the man who did not set out to find a tomb but only to sell merchandise could hardly be more delicately suggested. There is a neat one by Fleming, which is worth quoting, though flippancy is rather out of place in an epitaph:

"What thou art reading o'er my bones
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee
What thou art reading now of me."

The following by S. A. is a neat translation of one of Plato's:

"That is a farmer's, this a sailor's grave:
One end awaits the land, and one the wave."

The difficulty being that it is the *same* end which awaits them, whereas the English might mean a different one. Another translation, from the same hand, is better:

"In holy slumber here reposing lies
Timocritus: ne'er say the good man dies."

It is a pity that a collection of what might be called self-made epitaphs is not made. They would make an interesting book, and though some of them would no doubt be difficult to authenticate, it would surely be possible to obtain enough to fill a small volume.

JEAN INGELOW.

SOME admirers of Miss Jean Ingelow may be surprised, others perhaps grieved, that her death has not been the occasion of more important biographical notices. One morning paper gives her a brief paragraph to which the importance of a head-line is denied. Another evades the duty of giving any dates or other landmarks of her career. A third (and this the *Chronicle*), giving the date of her first signed book of poems, antedates it by twenty years. The list of inadequacies might be prolonged; yet the newspapers are not to be blamed for any intention of neglect. Miss Ingelow herself is responsible; for she had never scattered about her any biographical materials. Very deliberate in all she did—she waited till she was forty-three before she published her first acknowledged book of verse—she did not anticipate her death by any details for publication about her life. She was old-fashioned in most things, even to primness, in her dress, in her speech, in her notions—one of which was that women should not tell their ages to the public of strangers. Born "about" such and such a year is,

therefore, the nearest guess that books of biographical reference supply of her. These are the reticences which led to a certain barrenness of biographical notice at the time of her death; not any failure in admiration for the writer of *Brothers and a Sermon*, of *Divided*, of *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, of *Gladys and her Island*, and of all those other songs and poems of sea and land and sky, varied in their human interest, sometimes dramatic and sometimes lyrical, but always brave and clean and smiling, with which she delighted her readers in the sixties, winning a place in popular favour second only to that of Tennyson. Her first series of "Poems" has reached by now a twenty-third edition. There is no regret for that. There is no critic to grudge to work such as hers that great success. Or if there is the ghost of a regret, it is one bred of comparison only. "Imagine my feelings of envy and humiliation!" cried out Miss Christina Rossetti on receiving a copy of only the eighth edition of Miss Ingelow.

Jean Ingelow (the Jean came from her Scottish mother, and the *g* in the surname is a soft one) was born in 1820 at Boston, in Lincolnshire. She has made music out of Boston bells; more uniformly than Tennyson does Lincolnshire and the East Coast appear and reappear in her poetry. Her father was a banker, and afterwards moved to Ipswich. Banking and Evangelicalism have conspicuously run together in certain well-known families; and they did in hers. Almost Quakerlike some of her likings and aversions might be called. She had no sympathy, for instance, with the war-note which nearly every modern poet has awakened. Even Tennyson, for whom she had an intense admiration, had no message for her there; and the younger poets, who took Tommy Atkins for their hero, could never be hers. In all her many poems not one line, not one word, will be found in justification, still less in praise, of war. In *Kismet* the story of a boy's longing for freedom and the sea is given; and somebody once suggested to her that she had helped perhaps to recruit the Navy. This suggestion meant only horror for her, and she gave the verses a careful re-reading, intending, if she thought that interpretation a possible one, to cancel the offending stanza, or, if necessary, the whole poem. She not only hated evil, she loved to do good. Her charities to the poor were unceasing.

Miss Ingelow's first volume, *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings*, appeared anonymously in 1850. Then in 1863 came the *Poems by Jean Ingelow*, which never paused till fourteen editions had been sold, and which are selling, but less resolutely, to this day. Her fame was made in a month. She was set to music, she was recited, she was parodied by Calverley, and brought out in an illustrated *édition de luxe*. From Boston, not indeed in Lincolnshire, but in New England, she had hundreds of letters and two newspaper notices to tell her that in America, even more quickly than in England, she had made her mark on contemporary sentiment. James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes were her admirers. Even

Tennyson was generous in his encomiums. Mr. Ruskin, whose praise has always been precious to women, was at her feet. So that the critic and the casual reader for once agreed together in their appreciation. Of this quick and keen popularity there has been some failure, no doubt, in later days. Her *Story of Doom*, and *Other Poems*, had a welcome only second to its predecessor; but the third series of *Poems* had to make its way among a crowd of new competitors. Time, however, will always right the slight injustice of reaction; and even at this hour there is a sort of remorse of reconsideration among those who have left Miss Ingelow's poems neglected on their shelves these last ten or twenty years. Their old beauty comes as a new surprise. Never hungry for fame, she did not mourn over any signs of its decline.

She did a vast amount of prose-writing in the seventies—*Off the Skelligs*, *Fated to be Free*, *Don John*, and *Sarah de Berenger*. Other books of hers were: *Stories Told to a Child*, *Studies for Stories*, and *Mopsa the Fairy*. She wrote with great facility; and she did not alter or polish much in either prose or verse. Though influenced in style by Coleridge, by Tennyson, by Wordsworth, she had her own definite note, distinguishable by its simple freshness. She thought she was meant to be "more original than the creature afterwards became"; but that saying she applied, we imagine, to her life more than to her literature. Among her intimate friends was Mr. Mundella, who survived her only one day.

Very conventional were her surroundings when, after her mother's death, she moved from Holland-street to Holland Villas-road, Kensington. The little house had a little garden; and, perhaps, the greatest excitement in her later life was a garden-party of her own giving. One of the last appearances of Mr. Locker-Lampson was in that very garden one summer afternoon; and in that guest and hostess have passed away types that are rapidly becoming extinct, delightful in old-world courtesy, indulgent to the errors of days gone by, if a little impatient to the moods of a generation younger than their own.

In accounting for the great popularity obtained by Miss Ingelow, one has only to remember how often and how well she sang of the sea: not the sea on which our warships and our mercantile navies ride gloriously, but the sea we have known best in childhood, on which the herring fleet puts forth in the evening. We think, indeed, that Miss Ingelow will be longest remembered as the fisherman's poet. No poet has been more haunted by the roar of winter seas beneath the cliffs on which the lights of the fishing village flit and flicker. No poet has so persistently sung the dirges of those whom the sea has claimed. Take the verses from the "Requiescat in Pace":

"It was three months and over since the dear
lad had started:
On the green downs at Cromer I sat to see
the view;
On an open space of herbage, where the ling
and fern had parted,
Betwixt the tall white lighthouse towers,
the old and the new.

"Below me lay the wide sea, the scarlet sun
was stooping,
And he dyed the waste water, as with a
scarlet dye;
And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every
bird with white wing swooping
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the
yawning sky.

"Over grass came that strange flush, and over
ling and heather,
Over flocks and sheep and lambs, and over
Cromer town;
And each filmy cloudlet crossing drifted like
a scarlet feather
Torn from the folded wings of clouds,
while he settled down."

It is significant that the one of the very sweetest lyrical passages in Miss Ingelow's poetry has a terrible context. For the milking-song that "my sonne's wife, Elizabeth," sings in *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire* is the last her lips make before the tide, deaf to the mad ringing of Boston church bells, sweeps over the pasture. This is how Elizabeth sung:

"'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
'Cusha! Cusha!' all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song—

"'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling
'For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.'"

Such verse is not great, but it is pleasant. Much of Miss Ingelow's poetry speaks from the heart; particularly is this true of the verse which we will quote in conclusion:

"O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead."

"SHIRLEY."

THE *Blackwood* group of writers has suffered another loss in the death of Sir John Skelton ("Shirley"), who had long been a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Sir John Skelton's later literary work was done in the leisure left to him after discharging the duties as Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Scotland, to which post he was presented by Sir George Trevelyan. In March last he resigned his office, which he had held by special license beyond the age limit. Sir John Skelton received one of the recent Jubilee knight-hoods, although he had not been

actually invested with the honour. His favourite subject of study was Mary Queen of Scots, whom he ardently defended in a work which was the first of the series of sumptuous Lives of the Queens of England, which included the Bishop of London's *Queen Elizabeth* and the forthcoming Life of Queen Victoria by Mr. Holmes. In earlier life Sir John Skelton wrote a clever political novel, in which the hero was a blend of Canning and Disraeli. He also attempted to save *Noctes Ambrosianæ* from the neglect that had overtaken it by abridging it, an attempt which he had to admit was unsuccessful. An early number of the ACADEMY contained a very sympathetic review of Sir John's abridgment of Christopher North's book by the late Mr. Stevenson. Undoubtedly, Sir John Skelton's most popular book was his *Table-Talk of Shirley*, in which he gave his reminiscences of Mr. Froude, and many interesting letters that he had received from the historian. Sir John Skelton was an intimate friend of the late Mrs. Oliphant.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A LIBRARY FOR JOURNALISTS.

LONDON is full of a number of things, and every day one hears of a new one—new, that is, to one's circumscribed and ignorant self. The other day I became aware of the St. Bride's Foundation Institute, where, I was given to understand, there was a Library for Journalists. I put on my hat and went out to find that Foundation Institute and that Library for Journalists. Entering an imposing building in St. Bride's-lane, Fleet-street, some folding glazed doors attracted me, and I peeped through them. They opened on a swimming bath! Even while I gazed the long lean fin of a penny-a-liner went silently past me in the water, or so I deemed it; and beyond I saw what might be a school of sub-editors churning the green wave into copy—I mean foam. Amazed, I passed on to another door marked "Library," and entered. "Mr. Lange," I said, "I seem to perceive that I am in an Institution. Here I see hundreds of books, and I infer this is a Library. Talk to me at large till my surprise abates. Why are you here? and what niche in the universal scheme do you think you are filling?"

"I think," said Mr. Lange, "that I ought to refer you to the Secretary of the Institute for a full answer to your question, but I can tell you all about the Library. I may mention, however, that this Institute is one of those established in pursuance of a scheme under the City of London Parochial Charities Act of 1883. This scheme was approved by the Privy Council in 1883, and its practical outcome so far has been the erection of large institutes in Bishopsgate Without, Cripplegate, and here. The idea in building this particular Institute, which has been open a year and a half, was to establish technical classes in connexion with the printing trades."

"Now I understand. And the Library?"

"Well, to begin with, you should say libraries, not library. There are three distinct collections of books here, and I will name them in the order in which they were acquired. At the time when the technical classes were mooted Mr. William Blades's valuable library of books relating to the printing trades was found to be in the market. It would infallibly have been shortly dispersed, but a number of newspaper proprietors and other leading men in the Fleet-street neighbourhood had the spirit to buy it and lodge it here. I must now explain that the Blades books are mainly historical; they relate, that is to say, to past developments of printing and bookbinding. It was quickly seen, therefore, that they did not meet the whole requirements of the technical schools. To cut the story short, Mr. Passmore Edwards put down £500 for the purchase of the best modern text-books, and these, when obtained, were added to the Blades collection. We now make a point of securing every new and practical work on printing, bookbinding, lithography, colour-printing, and the allied arts, and also copies of all the trade journals."

"Then you claim to have a very good library of books about the making of books, and printing generally?"

"Yes, our collection is very large, and will disappoint very few people who wish to use it for reference. I have still to name our third collection. This is the general Lending and Reference Library which you see around you."

"How many books does it contain, Mr. Lange?"

"Over 4,000."

"Now will you give me an idea of the kind of reading that is popular here? Do you classify the books used?"

"Oh, yes; here is the tabular statement which I included in our last report. You will see that Fiction reigns here, as everywhere. The statement refers to the year 1896."

Mr. Lange handed me the following document, which I think sufficiently interesting to quote in its entirety:

ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION INSTITUTE LIBRARIES.

Total Issues from Jan. 1 to December 31, 1896.

A Religion and Philosophy . . .	710
B Biography . . .	1,059
C History and Archaeology . . .	1,147
D Law, Politics, and Sociology . . .	568
E Industrial Arts . . .	137
F Fine Arts . . .	485
G Science . . .	1,403
H Fiction . . .	47,101
J Poetry and Essays . . .	1,280
K Travel and Topography . . .	1,610
L Linguistics . . .	320
M Miscellaneous and Collected . . .	317
General Reference Department . . .	535
Technical Library . . .	94
Total . . .	56,766

"The total," said Mr. Lange, commenting on this list, "works out an average of 189 books lent per day."

"And how many borrowers had you in 1896—your first year, was it not?"

"Yes, our first complete year. We had

something over 500 on our lists in January; by the end of the year there were nearly 2,500 persons to whom we were lending books."

"Well, now, reverting to your list, will you tell me what kind of Fiction is most popular with your borrowers? Are the standard novelists—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—much read?"

"Yes, the demand for these writers is very fair, especially for Dickens, whose popularity, I cannot help thinking, is on the increase. We have two sets of his works, and I believe that not a single volume of either set is on the shelves."

"Well, then, about modern writers?"

"Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle are very popular; so also is Stanley Weyman. During the run of 'Under the Red Robe' at the Haymarket Theatre we were asked for Weyman's novel dozens of times a day. Grant Allen's novels are popular with young clerks, and so are the novels of James Grant. Then the demand for Hall Caine's books is good."

"And Miss Marie Corelli?"

"Well, I needn't tell you."

"Excuse me, but you need. Are her works much in request?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"Among men?"

"Yes; they want her books continually."

"By the way, who are your readers?"

"They belong to all classes, from printers' devils to bank managers. We have many Salvationists, many Post Office employés, especially from the Savings Banks. However, on the opening of the Cripplegate Institute we transferred fifteen hundred of our borrowers to it. Formerly we served the whole western portion of the City, but now we share this area with Cripplegate."

"I see you point out the usefulness of the Library to journalists."

"Yes; we refer especially to the six hundred or so books of reference which can be consulted here, but not taken away. These include all the usual works, not omitting the *Dictionary of National Biography*."

"And do journalists, as a matter of fact, make use of the Reference Library?"

"Not to anything like the extent that they might. The fact is, we have scarcely had time to make the Library fully known. Although we have some 4,400 books, exclusive of some 4,000 books in the technical collections, we regard the Library as still in its infancy."

"What is the qualification for borrowing?"

"A borrower must live or be employed in the district, and supply the signature of his employer or manager. We only require that it shall be possible to trace him. It is our policy to make borrowing extremely easy, and we have had no cause to alter it. In fact, we never lose a book."

"Have you a printed Catalogue of the books in the Library?"

"Oh, yes; here it is."

Mr. Lange put into my hands a well-arranged and neatly bound Catalogue of nearly 400 pages. The Library hours, I learned, are from 12 noon to 3 p.m., and from 5 p.m. till 9 p.m., and these hours apply to all departments.

WHAT AMERICA READS.

THE American *Bookman* again publishes interesting lists of the books which are now most in demand in the great towns of the States and Canada. In each list the books are named in order of demand. A partial analysis of the thirty lists shows that *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, is the most popular volume of fiction in America just now. It heads ten lists. The next most popular book is still Sienkiewicz' *Quo Vadis*, no newer book having ousted it from the second place. It appears in nearly every list. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is very popular; it heads four lists, and is named in fourteen. Other books that stand out prominently are *The Green Book*, by Maurus Jókai; *The Great K. and A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford; *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham; and there is fair demand for *Ziska*, *Hilda Strafford*, *Lads' Love*, and *On the Face of the Waters*. Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Gir* is first favourite in Atlanta, while in Salt Lake City it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert Parker is most read. The proportion of American books now in favour with American readers seems to be larger than we have known it before, and this, of course, is as it should be, though we rejoice that English writers find both laurels and profits in the States. The following five lists show what books are most in favour in New York, Chicago, Boston, Salt Lake City, and Montreal:

NEW YORK.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *The Green Book*. By Maurus Jókai.
5. *The Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Paul Leicester Ford.
6. *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*. By P. L. Ford.

CHICAGO.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *On the Red Staircase*. By Taylor.
5. *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*. By J. K. Bangs.
6. *Miss Archer Archer*. By Clara Louise Burnham.

BOSTON.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *Miss Archer Archer*. By Clara Louise Burnham.
5. *The Wisdom of Fools*. By Margaret Deland.
6. *Hilda Strafford*. By Beatrice Harraden.

SALT LAKE CITY.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Pierre and his People*. By Gilbert Parker.
3. *An Adventurer in the North*. By Gilbert Parker.
4. *Romany Snows*. By Gilbert Parker.
5. *King Noanett*. By F. J. Stimson.
6. *Checkers*. By Blossom.

MONTREAL.

1. *Lads' Love*. By S. R. Crockett.
2. *A Story-Teller's Pack*. By Frank R. Stockton.
3. *Hilda Strafford*. By Beatrice Harraden.
4. *Ziska*. By Marie Corelli.
5. *Odd*. By the Author of Probable Sons.
6. *On the Face of the Waters*. By Flora Annie Steel.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA SEASON.

IT is easy to read the signs of the times: classical opera is not dead; novelties, unless very interesting, are dangerous; Wagner reigns all supreme. Those signs being well studied, a manager or syndicate ought to find little difficulty in framing a scheme which shall prove successful. By this I mean commercially successful. It would, of course, be a good thing if directors of an opera-house could first consider the claims of high art, but this will only be the case when the State grants an annual subsidy. Rent is dear, salaries are high, and current expenses are heavy; all this practical music has to be faced, and the taste of the public has, therefore, to be taken into consideration. And then the opera season is so short: there is no time for a really representative series of performances.

Why, it may be asked, does not the State offer to support a national opera-house? And again. Why does not the public agitate until such is granted? Of these two questions the second is the easier, and it shall therefore be answered first. There is a great public which never frequents the opera, and it is not at all likely that it will become sanguine about a thing of which it does not feel the need. And even the small public—for, as at concerts so at the opera, the same faces are to be seen over and over again—which does take interest in dramatic music is more or less satisfied with what is, and does not trouble itself about what ought to be. Public taste must be guided; it will not improve of itself. But statesmen, one might think, would see how much good would result from a national opera-house at which the best of every school could be heard. No doubt there are some in favour of such a scheme; however, the greater number, I fear, look upon stage performances as amusement; and past history, with few exceptions, accounts only too well for such an opinion. Properly conducted, however, the stage would prove a mighty factor in civilisation. Has not the three-volume novel, with its sentimental, sensational, or humorous story, made way for works of a higher stamp, in which social, political, nay even religious, subjects are treated! In like manner the stage has become more serious. But it takes a long time to eradicate old ideas, and the majority of statesmen cannot probably understand the importance of dramatic representations, and their usefulness in improving and refining the public. I speak only of a national opera-house, but, of course, a national theatre is equally necessary.

For the moment, however, such things are castles in the air. Let us, then, only consider present conditions. The season at Covent Garden almost brought to a close has made a feature, if not a very strong one, of classical opera. Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Juan" have been performed with considerable success. But there are operas of Gluck, such as "Alceste," "Armide," not to mention "Orfeo," which might

be profitably revived. And why should Beethoven's "Fidelio" be so neglected? And in addition to these masterpieces there is many an old opera which ought not to be consigned to oblivion.

The question of novelties is a difficult one. It is well that we should know what is being done in our day. The two novelties this season were interesting; and yet I cannot help thinking two others by foreigners, and of greater interest, could have been selected. Native art, too, might have been represented.

Chief place has been assigned to Wagner, and this is, of course, most natural. Apart from the power of his music-dramas to draw large audiences, they are of commanding interest. But owing to the shortness of the season there is no means of doing justice to other men and other schools. Wagner has not killed classical opera; for the present, however, the one has thrown the other into the shade. Place ought to be found for both.

MR. SCHULTZ-CURTJUS takes time by the forelock. He announces three concerts at Queen's Hall in the autumn (November 9, 16, and December 7), and three in the spring of 1898 (April 26, May 17, and June 16). The conductors announced are: MM. Felix Mottl, Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Felix Weingartner. The programmes will be announced in due course. M. Strauss will conduct some of his own compositions.

SCIENCE.

A BRIEF and unsatisfying note in *Nature* this week calls attention to an essay just published by E. Hahn, entitled "Baubo und Demeter, Versuch einer Theorie der Entstehung unseres Ackerbaus," which deals with the question of man's earliest efforts in agriculture and their relation to primitive religion. Having not yet received the pamphlet, I know nothing about the author's views on this last point beyond that he "is greatly impressed with the effect of religion on the progress of early culture"—not a very luminous observation—and that "he holds the waggon to have been originally employed for the transport of effigies of the goddess of fertility, probably the moon, and that later it became a secular vehicle."

THESES on the relation of religion to early field culture continue to multiply since Mannhardt first gave a decided impetus to the subject. I have recently come across two, which serve to illustrate the divergent nature of its treatment. One is by Prof. Karl Pearson, a noted folk-lorist, and is contained in the essay on "Woman as Witch," which begins the second volume of his recently published papers. The other is embodied in an "afterword" to Mr. Grant Allen's translation of the *Attis*, and represents some early reflections of that ingenious thinker matured by Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Prof. Pearson traces the beginnings of agriculture in that crepuscular epoch

known as the "mother-age." According to him woman was responsible for it. The witch, or wise woman, first differentiated out for worship, survives in the word "hag," probably a relic of *Hagen* or *Gehag*, "a staked enclosure," and signifying the priestess or the goddess who presided over man's first protected community. Numberless ceremonies, from our own may-pole dances to the wilder orgies of the *Kermesse* and the *Walpurgisnacht*, still typify the periodical honour paid to a female divinity who encouraged fertility, blessed crops, and whose worship was associated with the earliest of all inventions—the distaff, the broom, and the pitchfork.

"Since agriculture in its elements is essentially due to women, hunting and the chase characteristic of man," says Prof. Pearson, "the emblems of early agriculture would be closely associated with the primitive goddess. The smaller domestic animals—the goat, the boar, the goose, and the cock and hen—would be connected with her worship. The earth, as a symbol of fertility, would be brought into close relationship with the mother deity. She would be a goddess of agriculture and childbirth, of reproductivity in the soil, of fecundity in animals,"

and so on. Her shrine might be the hearth, or it might be the clearing in the forest. Often it survives as the hill-top, where originally would have stood the palisaded dwelling of a group, and where cultivation first appeared.

I HAVE said enough to indicate generally Prof. Pearson's line of argument, but in too limited a space to do full justice to the interest of his treatment or to the remarkable range of incident and survival by means of which he illustrates it. He evidently believes that while man was hunting woman was employed in developing the first implements and the earliest rudiments of field culture. The knowledge gained in this pursuit soon made her weatherwise, and thus she gained an ascendancy which culminated in "mother-right" or descent from the female side, one of the earliest stages of civilisation in most communities. Why man, with his hunting proclivities and constant open-air life, did not become even more weather-wise does not appear. Nor do I feel entirely convinced that the dawn of agriculture was as Prof. Pearson puts it. A more reasonable origin, it seems to me, is that propounded by Mr. Grant Allen, from whose excursus on the *Attis* I again extract the barest fragment.

THE first god, says Mr. Allen, was the ancestral ghost, whose assistance man invoked, whose resentment he appeased. The seat of the ghost would be the ancestral barrow, barrows being traced to the earliest of all known ages, the hunter period. Upon the barrow would be offered sacrifices of seeds and animals. Inside, at all events in certain ages, would be a hecatomb of slaughtered wives and animals. The mere fact of the tumulus being built of freshly turned earth would render it more fertile than the surrounding soil, and with the contributory causes just mentioned the barrow

might be expected to show signs of fertility and cultivation sufficient to open the eyes of even primitive man to the advantages of digging, sowing, and suitable manure. Hence might have arisen the science of agriculture. Like Prof. Pearson, Mr. Grant Allen supports his hypothesis with a learned array of instances and survivals, not the least interesting of which is the habit which prevailed until recent times in Ireland of pouring new milk upon the "fairy knowes," which from this kindly treatment stood out like emerald bosses. It is not the woman here, but the god represented by the ancestral ghost within the barrow, who would be credited with this power of fecundity. Out of this grew that vast network of myth and legend dealing with gods who died and came to life again, representing in their own acts the transformation of the seasons. This is another story altogether, and is narrated at length in that marvellous work *The Golden Bough*. I suppose we shall have a good deal of it also in Mr. Grant Allen's forthcoming book with the impossible name, *The Evolution of God*.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DISCOUNT ON BOOKS.

London: July 21.

I have read with interest your interviews on the Discount Question in the ACADEMY of July 17—the one *pro* and the one *con*. The gentleman interviewed in the latter alludes to the proposed reduction of the discount from 3d. to 2d. as an interference with "Free Trade," and I suppose it was inevitable that the fetish should be dragged in. Of all economists there is none so ignorant as your determined Free Trader, because, although he pins his faith to them, he knows not the first elements of Richard Cobden's doctrines. For his benefit, and once and for all to get rid of this ignorant misunderstanding of a great principle of trade, may I quote the following words of Cobden, delivered in London on February 8, 1884, in which he explained his theory of Free Trade?

"What is Free Trade? By Free Trade we mean the abolition of all protective duties. It is very possible that our children, or, at all events, their offspring, may be wise enough to dispense with Custom-house duties altogether. They may think it prudent and economical to raise their revenues by direct taxation, without circumventing their foreign trade. We do not propose to do that; but there are a class of men who have taken possession of the Custom-house, and have installed their clerks there, to collect revenue for their own particular benefit, and we intend to remove them out of the Custom-house."

The intended reduction of discount is as much an interference with Free Trade (i.e., "the abolition of all protective duties") as is a police order to prevent costers' carts from lingering too long in crowded thoroughfares, or organ-grinders from plying their trade to the annoyance of the neighbourhood. To saddle the discount movement with the stigma of prejudicing Free Trade is on the silly old principle of using a big word rather than a small one if you want to make your abuse irresistible. Irresponsible vagrants must learn that every community is governed by the most determined rules of self-preservation, and that the common weal is always of greater importance than any individual advantage.

CORBENITE.

"MR. W. H." AND THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

London: July 16.

I cannot hope that the Editor of the ACADEMY would give me space to discuss in general either Mr. Lee's article or even the review in your issue of July 10. My observations must be confined to matters with respect to which I have perhaps some sort of claim to be regarded as a "specialist," as numerous communications in previous numbers of this journal may show. With your reviewer I entirely agree that the "love-story" embodied in the Sonnets, or at least its commencement, cannot be placed later than Shakespeare's thirty-fifth year. So, also, I agree in rejecting Mr. Lee's date for the completed Sonnets (1594). I am satisfied, too, that Willobie's *Avia* of that year has nothing whatever to do with these Poems.

If Mr. Lee now "makes short work of the view that Mr. W. H. was William Herbert," it is a remarkable fact that, when he wrote his article on that nobleman in the *Dictionary*, he said:

"Shakespeare's young friend was doubtless Pembroke himself, and 'the dark lady' in all probability was Pembroke's mistress, Mary Fitton. Nothing in the Sonnets directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it (cf. T. Tyler, *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, 1890, *passim*, and especially pp. 44-73)."

The candid expression of a changed opinion would be, no doubt, entirely commendable if justified by the presentation of new and valid evidence. But Mr. Lee will, I am sure, pardon me if I say that I cannot find in his article the slightest trace of such evidence, while the "many minute internal details" which, in 1891, confirmed the identification of W. H. with William Herbert are now entirely disregarded. The facts with respect to the *Passionate Pilgrim* ("Two loves I have of comfort and despair," &c.) were as well known six years ago as they are now, and still admit the same explanation. Jaggard's publication was piratical. How he got hold of two of Shakespeare's Sonnets in MS. we cannot tell. He seems, not unnaturally perhaps, to have been anxious to print new poems; and it is not unlikely that he gave Shakespeare's two Sonnets the first place as being the newest things he had to present. He was indebted to Barnfield's *Poems in Divers Humors*, of 1598, and to Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* of the same year. There is no evidence that the two Sonnets were written before this date; and, as is well attested, poems in MS. were freely copied, and so passed from hand to hand. According to Mr. Lee, the allusion cannot be to the intrigue between Herbert and Mary Fitton, as this occurred late in 1600—a date for which he gives no evidence whatever, and which is obviously contradicted by the fact that the child whose paternity was imputed to Herbert was born before March 25 following.

One of the most remarkable facts in connexion with the chronology of the Sonnets is, that 1598 having been previously fixed on as the date of Sonnets i.-xvii., with their exhortation to marriage, the late Rev. W. A. Harrison was able to point to correspondence at the Record Office, dated 1597 (not 1598, as stated by Mr. Lee), with regard to a proposed marriage of Herbert with Bridget, granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh. The proposal was resultless. Probably Herbert backed out of the affair.

As to the improbability that Thorpe would have "dubbed the influential Earl of Pembroke 'Mr. W. H.,'" I have had occasion previously to show (*ACADEMY*, June 14, 1890, p. 408) that Thorpe's dedications to Pembroke are such as

to allow little weight to attach to any incongruities which they may contain. Besides, it should be always recollected that the contention is, that the designation "Mr. W. H." was adopted (quite possibly at Shakespeare's suggestion) as furnishing at least some slight disguise. If Southampton was the person with whom the Sonnets are mainly concerned, the dedication presents difficulties which can scarcely be regarded as other than insuperable. But it has been justly said that the Southampton theory is dead; and I am pretty firmly persuaded that neither Mr. Lee nor even Mr. Gollancz (in his very attractive "Temple" edition of the Sonnets) will be able to effect a resuscitation. Mr. Gollancz says: "At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant," and I should say that, unless arguments are forthcoming a good deal more cogent than those which have just been adduced, there is no probability of a speedy declension.

THOMAS TYLER.

"BILLY AND HANS."

12, Campden-hill-gardens: July 16.

The suggestion contained in your most kind notice of my *Billy and Hans*—that it could be circulated free of charge by the R.S.P.C.A.—is a form of praise which I cordially appreciate. But I have no other book or other means which I could devote to the "Violet Home," a young institution destined, I hope, to do a peculiar service, social as well as curative, if it can be made to prosper, and in which I take an intense interest. And the reception of the history as it appeared in the *Century* made me hope that no one who loves animals would begrudge for a charitable work the shilling *Billy and Hans* costs. If the R.S.P.C.A. had, before separate publication, expressed the desire to have it I should not have hesitated to give it; but, if you will permit me the observation, it is hardly a book to appeal to the classes that need to have it thrown into their hands. It was intended especially to appeal to the owners of the great estates on which, I am persuaded, more through the ignorance and killing propensities of the keepers than the indifference of the proprietors, the squirrels are shot and trapped as vermin. I have for their benefit tried to combat the belief that they do the harm asserted to forest plantations, and to excite a sympathy which would protect them completely in the great parks. But I do not see how the masses can persecute the squirrels if the park owners do their duty. Except in such a case as the, I hope, unique instance of the Richmond Park authorities, who had the squirrels shot to prevent the ragamuffins from hunting them, instead of arresting the hunters, it is hardly in the power of the masses to worry the poor little creatures, and it is always in the power of the land owners to prevent their doing so.

I have, it is perhaps needless to say, published the book at my own expense, and for a charity, for I could not possibly turn my pets to any pecuniary profit, and I only desire that it may carry its lessons widely; but I have not the means to give it a wide gratuitous circulation. I have already offered an edition to a reading union at the cost of production; and if it should later be found that a gratuitous distribution in a cheaper form by the R.S.P.C.A. should promise to extend its sphere of influence for good, I will consider it favourable.

W. J. STILLMAN.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Morley's
"Machiavelli."
(Macmillan.)

"If we are not moved or impressed," writes the *Saturday Review*, "it is not because the author is too stately or too rigid; it is because he appears to be so much bored with his own lucubrations that he can scarcely finish the hour. This is the Nemesis of Mr. Morley's long unfaithfulness to the profession which Nature intended him to adorn. . . . We know not for whom this Romanes address was composed. If for the undergraduates and the ladies, it presupposes too large acquaintance with facts; if for scholars, the timidity of its judgments and the uncertainty of its direction will have caused, surely, not a little polite bewilderment. . . . There is not a single sentence, not an adjective . . . which makes the figure of Machiavelli live before us. . . . It was hardly worth while for Mr. Morley to take the trouble to go to Oxford to tell us in this roundabout way and in this patchwork style that he disapproves of the Government, and that he has lost the habit of literary composition." The *Spectator* is of opinion that in his "brilliant lecture" Mr. Morley "unconsciously exaggerates Machiavelli's mental force. . . . He seems to us essentially a man with but limited insight into the true nature of mankind, and therefore into the springs of enduring power. . . . Machiavelli's Prince, when all is said, is nothing but a supremely shifty man; and we feel unable to recognise in the creation of a supremely shifty man a grand intellectual feat." "The important fact about Mr. Morley's treatment of history and literature," writes the *Chronicle*, "is that he always seeks out the permanent and human fact, and presents it to us in language of a lofty seriousness, and not seldom in luminous phrases which his own favourite Burke might not have disdained to call his own. Such a piece of work is this monograph on Machiavelli, which, not content with a mere critical exposition of the problems of Italian politics in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, pierces down into the very moral core of the doctrine for ever associated with the name of Machiavelli."

Mrs. Oliphant's
"The Ways of
Life."
(Smith, Elder.)

OF this last work of Mrs. Oliphant's diligent pen the *Chronicle* writes: "It has the poignancy, the pathos, of something like a sad personal confidence. . . . It has the importance of an utterance by a distinguished and sensitive artist, of great experience, upon a problem . . . that concerns all artists." But Mrs. Oliphant is entreated not to confuse her own case with that of her hero, the artist who has lost his vogue, for her work possesses "the principle of vitality—the authenticity which is the very first and most essential element of the principle of vitality in art. . . . So long as any one may care to read of what has been fairest and sweetest in English life during our half century Mrs. Oliphant will be read with pleasure and admiration and gratitude." "Was it," the *Speaker* wonders,

"some vague foreboding of approaching death that steeped the novelist's pen in such pathetic tenderness of sympathy as this book discloses? For Mrs. Oliphant's ever-present sense of the irony of life and the pathos of human endeavour seems here intensified into a very passion of pity, and her two stories . . . are almost painful in their truthfulness." "With consummate skill," writes the *Spectator*, "with the tenderest and most delicate sympathy, Mrs. Oliphant has brought home to her readers the tragedy of the brain-worker who, . . . once he loses his power or popularity, is condemned to the intolerable anguish of a living death. . . . As a work of art we can praise the story [of Mr. Sandford] without reserve. But no journalist can read it without being chilled to the heart by the situation it depicts."

"The Plattner
Story," &c. By
H. G. Wells.
(Methuen.)

THE *Spectator* finds it "impossible not to feel a certain complacency when one contemplates the achievements of our short-story writers; . . . and of all the workers in this field none strikes a more individual or resonant note than Mr. H. G. Wells. In his audacious and imaginative insight into the romantic possibilities underlying the discoveries or the suggestions of modern science he stands unrivalled. The circumstantial quality of his narrative often reminds one of Swift"; the story of the flying-machine recalls "the best work of Poe in its accent of sincerity, and surpasses it in felicity and sobriety of style." The *Standard* laments that culture and observation are taking the place of imagination in literature: "Mr. Wells has been in danger of yielding to one of these baneful influences, but in his new volume he . . . has wholly recovered himself. . . . His style is clear, firm, and direct, though occasionally he lets his grip of language carry him away." "The versatility of his mind in all directions is truly astonishing," writes the *Telegraph*, "but his power evidently lies mainly in the description of things weird and terrible." But "no small part of Mr. Wells's power lies in the vagueness of his descriptions. He knows exactly how much to leave unsaid; for though he sets out with an appearance of much minute and scientific accuracy, we soon find that, after all, we are not really being let into the secret." So also the *Chronicle* says: "He tells us just so much as enables us to persuade ourselves that we know all about it, and when once he has got us into that comfortable frame of mind we are prepared to believe anything. . . . Perhaps the most absolutely convincing piece of work in the volume is 'The Sea Raiders.'"

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